THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

25th Year. No 52 | WILLIAM BOOTH, General | TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1909. | THOMAS B. COOMBS, Commissioner | Price, 2 Cents

"Give It to Some Other Lad; I Have the Water of Life."

(See page 3.)

Cutlets from Contemporaries.

A "Dusty" Meeting.

Colonel Sena Singh's (Sowton) Experience.

After various joltings and humpings we arrived at Dhera Nanak. As an appetiser an "ekka" ride would be hard to beat and we were glad to sit down, and under the gentle swing of the punkah, attend to our temporal needs. As soon as the meal is over we make our way to the Dak Bungalow, where we are to stay for the night. After getting our things more or less fixed up, we were conducted to the place of meeting. This was in an open field, a few trees giving a little shelter on two sides, and an enclosure marking the part for the people to sit. A start is soon made. A gust of wind is felt and on looking up, ominous clouds are noticed rolling up. We proceed. A song is started, but before it gets swinging, the wind comes with hurricane force. The people standing round melt away, the decorations are blown hither and thither, the mats are lifted up and clouds of dust fill the eyes, nose, ears and mouth if you happen to be trying to sing. The singing cannot go on though a brave attempt it made. Chadas and shoulder cloths are requisitioned to keep out the dust, and covered in this fashion the Colonel decides to deliver his address. At times neither he nor the people can be seen from the platform but he perseveres, and makes plain the Gospel message. Truly it is fighting under difficulties. He fights and wins. What about a prayer meeting? We have one, an dthere, amid the wind and dust, five souls seek God. That was a hallowed spot at that moment. —Indian Cry.

A Floating Island.

Travelled Hundreds of Miles on Ocean.

The longest voyage of a floating island, according to Government records, took place in 1862. The island was first seen off Florida and it apparently had an area of two acres. It bore no trees, but it was thickly covered with bushes, and in one place it was thirty feet high above the sea-level. It was in the Gulf Stream, travelling slowly and with occasional undulations to show where the ground swell was working beneath it.

Probably it got away from its river anchorage in the spring of the year, for toward the latter part of July it had reached the latitude of Wilmington, Del. No large animal life had been seen on it, though there must have been myriads of the small creeping things, which abound in the tropics. By the end of August it had passed Cape Cod, and was veering towards the Grand Banks. It followed the steamer lane routes quite accurately, and several vessels reported it. One month later it was in mid-ocean, north-west of the Azores, and its voyage was evidently beginning to tell on it. It was much smaller and less compact. It was not seen again, and probably met destruction in the annual October gales. But it had travelled at least one thousand miles, and if, as was thought, it had come from the Orinoco, it must have covered twice that distance.—American Y. S.

The Earth's Inequalities.

How Small They Really Are.

The inequalities on the earth's surface arising from mountains, valleys, buildings, etc., have been likened to the roughness on the rind of an orange compared with its general mass; and the comparison is quite free from exaggeration. The highest mountain known does not exceed five miles in perpendicular elevation: this is only 1-1600th part of the earth's diameter; consequently, on a globe of sixteen inches in diameter, such a mountain would be represented by a protuberance of not more than one-hundredth part of an inch, which is about the thickness of ordinary drawing paper. Now, as there is no entire continent, or even any very extensive tract of land, known, where the general elevation above the sea is anything like half this quantity, it follows that if we would construct a correct model of our earth, with its seas, continents and mountains, on a globe sixteen inches in diameter, the whole of the land, with the exception of a few prominent points and ridges, must be comprised on it within the thickness of thin writing-paper; and the highest hill would be represented by the smallest visible grain of sand.—American Social Gazette.

The Chinaman.

Not So Inferior a Person.

In combatting the view that the Chinese are an inferior race, the new Consul, Mr. Ping Nam speaking at a dinner at Sydney, gave those assembled a few facts concerning the way in which his country had "got in early" in the race for civilisation. The cry that the Chinese were inferior was he said, untenable. The examination of our records as a nation, the fact that our ancestors invented the compass shortly after the death of Aristotle, discovered the manufacture of porcelain, lacquerware, silk printed their classics five centuries anterior to the time of Caxton, established the coinage of the square-holed copper cash several hundred years before the Christian era, used carrier pigeons for bringing home news from ships before Vasca de Gama flourished, the fact that we are a nation which represents a fourth of the human race, a nation that claims to have a history extant for over four thousand years, which has witnessed the rise to glory and the decacy of Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece, and Rome —all these things show it to be untrue that the Chinese are an inferior race. China alone has survived her contemporaries. Since the accession of Emperor Yao, in Ping Yang, about 4,250 years, memorable for their unbroken chain of history, have imperceptibly rolled by, making our people the grandest nation on the face of the globe."—New Zealand Cry.

Saving Dada.

What It Means to the Children.

No aspect of the reclamation of the drunkard appeals to us more—and we do not think we are singular in this—than that it means so much to his home that father should have become a godly and sober man.

Our columns have from week to week recorded the bringing of drunkards to God for salvation, and their deliverance from the chains with which they have been bound and also testimony from time to time, that changes have taken place as a result which have been truly marvellous in character.

There is something very pathetic in the story recently told that when one ex-drunkard took home a bottle of coal-oil his little boy was greatly distressed because he feared it contained spirits, and meant a return to the sad old days—his father had been converted only a few weeks and he had never before seen him with a bottle which did not contain some of thestuff which had ruined their home and brought untold miseries upon them all. Well may the children greet The Army with a cheer when the march goes by.—African Cry.

Your Sister.

How Do You Treat Her, Young Man?

It is the easiest thing in the world for a boy to be kind to some other fellow's sister. Why is it that some of them find it so hard to remember to be equally courteous to their own sister? Many a boy is rude to his own sister without really realising it; in other words, he forgets to be polite. Then again, he is afraid of being dubbed "Sissy," if he should be caught paying some attention to his sister. It is a bad habit for anyone to get into—that of saving one's polite ways for outside.

If she asks you a question don't answer her in a rude or careless manner, as if you thought she did not know what she was talking about, and wasn't worth listening to.

Don't tease her or make fun of her in a way to hurt her feelings. You wouldn't do that to some other girl.

You can depend on the boy who is kind and thoughtful to his own sister, for you may be sure he will develop into the right sort of a man, and is bound to win the respect and admiration of everyone.—Australian Young Soldier.

"Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe—it is a seed-grain that cannot die. Unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banian grove—perhaps, alas! as a hemlock forest—after a thousand years."

God made you for an end. Find out what that end is; find out your niche, and fill it. If it be ever so little, if it is only to be a newer of wood and drawer of water, do something in this great battle for God and truth.—Spurgeon.

The Praying League

General Prayer: "Oh Lord, be pleased graciously bless all who are in my trouble, and earnestly need Thy grace and presence at this time."

Special Topic: Pray for Salvation Army Soldiers.

Sunday, Sept. 26th.—Unseen Guardians. 2 Kings vi. 8-22.
Monday, Sept. 27th.—Good News. 2 Kings vi. 24, 25; vii. 1-11.
Tuesday, Sept. 28th. — Unbeliever's Death. 2 Kings vii. 14-17; viii. 7-15.
Wednesday, Sept. 29th.—Evil Marriage. 2 Kings viii. 1-29; ix. 1-3.
Thursday, Sept. 30th.—The Lord's Avenger 2 Kings ix. 5-20.
Friday October 1st.— Jezebel. 2 Kings ix. 21-36.
Saturday, October 2nd.—Zeal For God. 2 Kings x. 17-35.

DON'T.

"Dear Mrs. Johnston,—Enclosed you will find a few verses that were a great help and blessing to me at one time, when I was very much upset and downhearted at hearing of some things that were said about me, which were not true.

"I was having a severe battle, and hardly knew what to do when I chanced to see these verses in a magazine I picked up. I cut them out, pasted them on a cardboard, and hung them up in my Quarters. Nearly everyone that comes here takes a copy of them so I thought I would send them on to you, as you might be able to make use of them.

"Praying God's blessing on your work, I remain, your Sister in Christ, Captain ———."

The above speaks for itself, and the appended verses will be read with interest.—B. J.

Don't get discouraged when you hear
What people say about you;
Don't get the blues and drop a tear,
Because they chance to doubt you.

Don't go around with troubled brow,
O'erlooking all life's beauty;
The folks that talk will suffer more
Than you so do your duty.

Don't fret and fume and wish them ill,
Their lives hold little pleasure;
Send back a message of goodwill,
'Twill serve to help your measure.

Don't be discouraged, for the world
Will always criticize you;
Earth's dearest treasure is the few
True friends who love and prize you.

DON'T!

For Our Soldiers.

When the wheels of life are dragging,
When your energies are flagging,
When you feel that you would like
to go
Where skies are always blue,
Don't forget the sun is shining,
Somewhere! So there's no use whining
Look out for the silver lining
In the cloud that's over you.

Keep your heart and soul on fire,
Do not falter, do not tire.
Don't grow weary in well-doing,
To your better self be true.
Keep your feet out of the mire.
Keep on climbing higher, higher!
To the topmost peak aspire,
God wants Soldiers who'll go
through.

A CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to send a word of thanks and cheer to all the Praying League as I am a member. Some years ago I joined, and since then I have had much victory. Numbers of souls have been saved at my Corps, and all that makes one happy seems to come our way, both souls and money. I have much faith in prayer myself. Someone may say it is only a new way The S. A. has to get some money; if so, I feel like saying it is a good bank, for I never got more interest on my money than I am getting on that ten cents. It would pay all Officers and Soldiers to join. I have been getting so many blessings. I should tell you all; I do believe it is the prayers of the Praying League that have fallen on my work. I had not a lot of power in my own prayer, so I was thinking if I would join, some of them would pray for me with power, and I could do some other part for them and not fail in the meantime to pray my little humble prayer, as I know God is blessing all our prayers, and is sending down answers in His good time.—Mrs. W. P.

SALVATION SOLDIERS.

What They Were---What They Were Not.

By Commissioner Railton.

HIS poor wife stood smoking her pipe as usual at the door when he returned home. But it was anything but usual for him to enter so quietly, instead of pouring on her a volley of oaths and filthy language.

He was a Belgian miner, and he had so accustomed his wife to share in all his drinking, violent ways, that you would readily have thought the one quite as degraded as the other. It was no uncommon thing for the neighbours to be aroused by her screams to the fact that her husband was abusing her.

What could have quieted him so this evening? He had been under an entirely new influence, whose sobering effect, so different from that of his imprisonments, was evidently now upon him. He had been, in fact, to The Salvation Army, had fallen at the feet of Jesus, and risen from his knees a new man. From that hour he never went back to the public-house; and ere long, in the very room in which he used to drag his wife around by her hair, meetings were held, at which many who had been his companions in sin became likewise new creatures in Christ Jesus.

He and his wife had several children, and two of the elder daughters were employed in "screening coal" at the pit mouth. What their life had hitherto been like may readily be imagined. For drinking, cursing, and fighting, they were, alas! only too true, daughters of their father.

Treated Like a Dog.

But soon all the family was converted. The daughters sang Army songs at their work, and when a difficult moment came, in consequence of a general lowering of wages, theirs were kept up because the influence they exercised upon all the workpeople was too valuable to be lost.

Do you feel shocked at the picture of such a home, and thank God that it was in Belgium and not in England? Alas! let me put before you the description I got the other day, from one of our very best comrades of many years' standing, of his condition at the time he first met The Army. He, too, was a miner—a most competent man, and as capable in the dog-training line as in his daily work underground.

"My father," he said, "was a ruffian who used to send me to the public-house for his drink, and was always cursing and beating me. Then he got me into the pit, and I was treated like a dog by them all." (This was, remember, between thirty and forty years ago.) "I never knew what prayer was, and was so utterly in the dark that even when they got me into one of the meetings, and to the penitent form to pray, I really did not understand what to do, having no other idea than that I wanted to be a better man, if I could.

"When I left the meeting I went along feeling worse than ever, for I said to myself, 'Now thou's done it; thou's a bigger fool than ever.' But the woman I stayed with did know a little about prayer—enough to encourage me to try aga'n. And I got helped especially by some of the others. There was one man that I noticed particularly. In one of our processions a stone hit his head, so that he got his hand full of blood when he put it up to the spot. Yet he went along singing all the time, and when somebody said he should summons the man who threw the stone, he replied, 'Summons him? Never!! Let's pray for him.' That showed me what I really wanted, and I never ceased to pray till I got properly to understand what it was to be saved.

"I once got down and prayed for a whole hour in the little house where I kept my dogs for I was resolved not to give up the praying till I felt sure that God had really made a good man of me. The night I got saved I had neither a penny nor a shirt left. I used to pawn everything to get drink, and I was £50 in debt. I was living with a woman who was not my wife; but The Army got hold of her, put her into separate lodgings, and I got married to a good woman a year later."

A Terrible Example.

The degraded condition of English women who live in such neighbourhoods, can hardly be surpassed anywhere. A policeman was called one day to a public-house where eleven women had tied up the landlord with a clothes-line, and were helping themselves to all the drink they wished for. The policeman had to borrow a handcart, and wheel them off to the police-station one by one.

But not long afterwards you might have seen nine of the eleven marching in our processions, playing tambourines, and singing to the glory of Him who proves His power to save "to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him."

Number ten of that dread company was to furnish only too terrible an example of the way many such women die.

"I'll go home," she said one day, "and feed the baby." She went and lay down with the baby; but when her mother came in to seek for a jug her daughter had borrowed in which to get more drink, she found her lying dead. Think of the children brought up in such a household! You can understand the sympathy of our dear people with the drunkards and their families, when you remember that many of them have been only too much accustomed to see such homes.

On one occasion an Officer was sorely puzzled to know how to guide some new converts in the right way. Their were two married couples kneeling in true penitence before God, and desirous of beginning a new life; but it turned out that nine years previously, the two men, in a drunken spree, had simply "exchanged wives," and that in each case there was a family of illegitimate children.

The vicar of the parish was interested, and ready to facilitate the needed divorces and marriages; but, strangely enough, soon afterwards both the women died, and thus the cases were "settled out of court."

"Leaving Him to Perish."

It is an immeasurable help to such people to find in The Army a body of true friends who will not despair about them, but will try to the utmost possible extent to help them out of the mire of their sins.

A poor fellow, who had come into one of our Halls intoxicated, lay on the floor whilst earnest prayer was offered on his behalf, for some time without any apparent hope of his being able to pray.

At length, one of the Soldiers said, "It's no use; let us take him home, and get hold of him to-morrow." But the man understood the situation better than they supposed.

"I've always thought till now," said he to one of his work-mates, "that thou was a man o' God; but thou's a bigger liar than any on 'em, to say thou believes I'm in danger, and yet thou's going home to leave me to perish."

"I'll stop all night with thee, Tom," was the reply, "if thou'll get saved." And saved Tom was. His wife had died not long before, through his neglect for which he was daily expecting to be locked up. Several of his work-mates had got converted, however, and when he was eventually arrested and fined they all with one consent, pawned their watches to pay for his freedom.

Tom is now living in his own house, is the owner of several keel boats, and has a son who is private secretary to a man of importance in the political world.

In the next chapter however, we shall show that The Army is by no means exclusively recruited from such circles as these. Amongst our Soldiers are many of those who said they had "never done anybody any harm" before their eyes were opened to the fact that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," and that those who do not help men towards Heaven, necessarily help them towards Hell.

Of course we should have gained more Recruits from the aristocracy of labour, had we been able twenty years ago to build such Halls as we do now, wherever we can, instead of resting content with any old warehouse that could be cheaply fitted up for our use. Times and tastes have vastly changed since the seventies, and in order to gather crowds even of the poorest now, we must compete with the showiest of music-halls and other places of amusement. But it all demands money.

The Water of Life.

Because we naturally boast of what God is doing amongst us daily for the vilest and most hopeless it is often supposed that The Army exists merely for "the submerged tenth," and that most, if not all of us, have either come out of the prison, or at any rate, deserved to go there.

But, whilst delighting to be the constant associates of such men and women, and helping them to forget any such past, we rejoice to remind every one that we are all alike lost sheep, and that the Good Shepherd seeks everybody.

In our sixteen Naval and Military Homes, for example, we are, thank God, daily gathering into the one fold men who, though often "wandering boys," from their own families, possess the best possible character in regiment or fleet. Filled with the love of Christ, they often show the noblest of examples to others.

Can we ever forget our Bob, who at Magersfontein, when he fell wounded, would not drink a drop of water, in the terrible heat, offered him, but said, "Give it to some other lad; I have the water of life?"

Worthy to be named even in such company, is the little party of our Norwegian Soldiers who were drowned in crossing a ford one winter on their way to an Outpost.

These and thousands more of our comrades, came doubtless, from praying homes, and yet for years wandered at any rate in the paths of worldly amusement, in which many good people, alas! quite encourage their "young people" to seek pleasure, until God is too often forgotten. It was out of an exemplary home

(Continued on page 14.)

Band Chat.

Lindsay Band is making good all-round progress, so Captain Layman reports. Bandsman Dark and his two sons have recently re-inforced the Band's ranks. A Bandsman who is a good marble polisher would be welcome at Lindsay.

*

A great procession in the interests of local option was recently held in Hespeler. The local paper observes that the famous Salvation Army Band of Guelph headed the procession."

*

The Hamilton (Bermuda) Band now numbers twenty-five. The Band Boys have recently had the satisfaction of knowing that a debt has been cleared off. With the hearty co-operation of the Corps Officers the Band has been enabled to make steady progress.

*

THE NEW ABERDEEN BAND AT FREDERICTON.

For some time we had been eagerly looking forward to this event, and when at last we caught sight of the Bandsmen's happy faces as the train pulled into the depot, our joy knew no bounds.

On Tuesday night a monster open-air meeting was held, at which our own Band furnished the music, receiving many kind remarks from the visiting Band. We had a splendid crowd inside and the boys went in for an old-time salvation meeting.

On Wednesday night a packed house greeted the Band to hear them give their musical programme.

Marysville, the Corps Outpost, was favoured on Thursday night. The splendid Orange Hall had been secured, where a large and appreciative audience listened to the now famous Band. By the kind permission of the authorities, the Band gave an open-air concert from the Parliament Square band stand, and open-air meetings were held in other parts of the city, which were greatly appreciated by the public. We desire to thank all those who so kindly entertained the Band during their stay, also those who so freely gave of their money, to make the visit of the Band such a grand success.

The local paper, commenting on the appearance of the Band, said: "They are an organisation of which any city might well feel proud," and we heartily endorse that statement.—Captain and Mrs. Hargrove.

*

Peterborough Silver Band visited Campbellford for the fifth time, on Saturday and Sunday, September 4th and 5th. We arrived in the town early on Saturday afternoon. The rain did not daunt a good crowd, which gave the Band a hearty welcome. The Band gave a musical festival at night in the Music Hall, presided over by Staff-Captain Bloss, from Montreal, who also led the meetings during the week-end.

A large crowd turned out for the festival, and the Band played some of the latest Journals. Bandsman Fred Gray made a great hit with "The Veteran's Old Cornet" and our old comrade, Bandsman Meadows, who came from Toronto, to help us for the week-end, made good with a snare-drum solo, successfully imitating an express train, also the noises of the battlefield, with the soldiers' return.

Sunday proved to be a good day, and although there was plenty of mud, the weather was fine. Sunday morning the holiness meeting was held in the comfortable little Hall, which was filled. The Staff-Captain gave us a helpful talk. Sunday afternoon another festival was held in the Music Hall, the building was packed, and the music thoroughly enjoyed by the people. One of the best items, which we believe did much good, was the testimony of our Dutch comrade, F. Goree. He spoke in fairly good English, although he has been in the country only two years. He held the large audience spell-bound, and sent a thrill throughout the Hall, as he told of his conversion, his first meeting of a real Christian his desire to be one, and how happy he is now in the service of the King.

Sunday night was the "limit" for crowds. The Hall was again packed; many of the Bandsmen giving their chairs for the convenience of the crowds that came along. A splendid meeting was held with good effect. Bandsmen Payton, Gundy and Brooks sent the truth home to the people, while a quartette by four of the Bandsmen, was greatly enjoyed.

Ensign Meeks and Lieut. Woods certainly worked hard for the Band's comfort, and Campbellford people certainly kept up their reputation for entertaining Band Boys. Finances were good.

The Band was under the direction of Deputy-Bandmaster W. Ford, and returned to Peterborough, Monday morning, after one of the best week-ends ever spent away from the Electric City.—G. Trombone.

*

Worry is the twin sister of nervousness. Neither should ever enter into the daily life of anyone. Worry and excitement never help. Anyone can get along when everything is all right, but it takes a wise person, a level-headed one, to get along and not worry and become nervous when everything is all wrong.

Marriage of a Staff-Bandsman.

Colonel Mapp Performs Ceremony at the Temple.

THE wedding of Staff-Bandsman Alex. McMillan and Miss Florence Silverthorn, was an event that created a good deal of interest, and on the night of Wednesday, September 8th, a large crowd assembled in the Temple to witness the ceremony.

The bridegroom being a very popular and highly respected member of the Staff Band, all his fellow Bandsmen had assembled to do honour to

Bandsman Alex. McMillan.

him on such an occasion, and as they sat on the platform in their scarlet tunics, they formed a very pretty background for the event that took place that night.

Colonel Mapp conducted the whole of the proceedings, and previous to uniting the young couple, he called on several Officers to express their views on Courtship and marriage. Captain Merrett spoke on "My View of Engagements" in rather an amusing manner, and drew an analogy between engagements and marriage and the blessings of justification and sanctification, "Where and How I Got Engaged," was the interesting subject of Staff-Captain White, and he waxed eloquent over it, climaxing his remarks with a description of an ideal wife. Mrs. Major Miller was the next speaker, her subject being, "Marriage—Is It a Failure or Success?" She began by making the broad statement that it was a success if based on a right foundation. She then went to more particularly describe the materials of which such a foundation must be composed, from which we gather that she considered a reciprocated affection and a religious harmony, as the essentials of a happy marriage. "When and Why I Got Married," was a subject that Mrs. Brigadier Adby handled with delicate skill. "It happened twelve years ago," she said, "and I married the Brigadier, because I was convinced that he was a man whom I could look up to and who would help me to be more useful than ever in the work for God." Brigadier Potter then described some of his experiences as a married man, and the audience was forced to smile out loud again and again, at some of his humorous sallies, delivered in that quiet manner so characteristic of a canny Scotsman. One of his stories was as follows: A young couple had been married, and on arriving at their new home the young man said, "Now we are one dear." "Which one?" innocently asked his wife. He hasn't been able to answer the question yet. Touching a more serious question, however, the Brigadier said that his marriage had produced in him an intense admiration for womanhood, and what he owed to the influence of his wife was more than tongue could tell.

After a selection from the Staff Band, Brigadier Morris spoke on behalf of the bridegroom, paying a high tribute to his character and worth, and wishing him much happiness in his married life.

Some congratulatory telegrams were then read by Mrs. Colonel Mapp. The message from Captain Donald McMillan, of the New York Staff Band, caused another ripple of laughter to pass over the audience. It was as follows: "Sorry can't support you in this ordeal. Praying for you." Telegrams from Brigadier and Mrs. Stanyon Major Griffiths, Staff-Captain Welsh, and Brigadier and Mrs. McMillan, the bridegroom's parents, were also read. After a few words from Mrs. Mapp on behalf of the bride, Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin read the 23rd Psalm. The ceremony of uniting this young couple in the bonds of matrimony, was then performed by Colonel Mapp, at the conclusion of which the bridegroom gave a brief speech. He said that it was chiefly through the good influence of his father and mother, and his elder brother John, now a Brigadier in Australia, that he was led to give his life to God. He was glad that he was in the service of God and The Army that night and believed that his marriage would greatly increase his happiness and usefulness.

Mrs. McMillan.

The Colonel then introduced Mrs. McMillan to the audience, saying, on her behalf, that she belonged to God, The Army, and to Alex., and he hoped they would be spared for many years.

The meeting was then concluded with prayer by Lieut.-Colonel Howell and the young couple departed with the good wishes of all ringing in their ears.

SOWING.

A Touching Incident, Showing How a Scattered Seed Bore Fruit.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall alike be good."—Solomon.

We were sitting around the tea-table, talking of our work for God, and of how one often has to sow the seed, and trust that someone reaps the harvest that one is not permitted to see one's self. "It reminds me," said the Captain's mother-in-law," of an occasion when I was asked to go and see a woman who was dying with consumption. I found her suffering greatly, with seven young children, husband out of work, and needing everything. After I had made her a little more comfortable, I asked her if she had had a doctor in."

"Yes," she replied "and he says I can't get better."

I said, "And have you been to the Great Physician?"

"Oh yes," she said, "and He comforts me, but oh! how can I leave my poor children?"

I reminded her of God's special care for orphaned children, and left her feeling somewhat better. I, with other ladies of the town, visited her regularly, and supplied nourishment, etc., and got the husband work. One day she told me the story of her conversion.

Some years before, she and her husband were living in the mountains of British Columbia, and one evening two Salvation Army out-riders held an open-air service there. She was one of the few who listened. No one came forward, and perhaps the Out-riders went away feeling their efforts had been fruitless, yet this one woman went home from that little open-air in the mountains and sought Christ, and had loved Him ever since. They had left British Columbia on account of her husband's health he had found it hard to get work in the small town in Ontario to which they went; she had developed consumption, and gradually they had been reduced to the dire poverty in which we find them at the opening of this little sketch; but God helped her, and she was enabled to trust her children to God; died triumphantly, and went home to thank God for the message brought her by those Outriders. Hallelujah!

"That reminds me" said the Captain "of one time I was crossing the Bay of Fundy, and got into conversation with a big shanty man on board, who said "Oh yes, I'm saved, I went to the penitent form in St. John, last fall, went away to the woods next morning, and I've been there all winter, have not seen a Christian or Salvationist since, but God helped me to take my stand, and He has kept me all winter."

No, we never know the good we do. Sometimes so few listen and they look so indifferent, and we feel our work is all in vain, but let us have faith in God, and He will give the increase, though we may never know it, until we too get to heaven, where we shall know as we are known.—G. M.

It Is Common.

So are the stars and the arching skies,
So are the smiles in the children's eyes;
Common the life-giving breath of the spring;
So are the songs which the wild birds sing—
Blessed be God! they are common.

Common the grass in its glowing green;
So is the water's glistening sheen;
Common the springs of love and mirth;
So are the holiest gifts of earth.
Blessed be God! they are common.

So unto all are the promises given,
So unto all is the hope of heaven;
Common the rest from the weary strife;
So is the life which is after life—
Blessed be God! it is common.

—The Victory.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.

Commander Peary.

Peary Finds North Pole.

Shortly after Dr. Cook startled the world by his announcement that he had discovered the North Pole Commander Peary returned to civilisation and gave the world anotner shock by stating that he had nailed the Stars and Stripes to the Pole, and that he had his doubts as to Cook's story. The controversy between the rival explorers is raging high at present.

There seems to be no doubt, however, that Peary did reach the Pole.

This success is especially gratifying to Newfoundland, as most of Peary's crew hail from that Island. To the Governor of Newfoundland. Commander Peary sent the following message:

"I have the Pole. Capta'n Bartlett and his men are all returning in good health. Congratulate you and Newfoundland for them."

The reply of Governor Williams was as follows:—

"Commander Peary: On behalf of the Government and the people of Newfoundland, as well as myself, personally, I congratulate you on the success of your expedition. Apart from the value of your discovery in the interest of science and civilisation it will be specially gratifying to Newfoundland that the expedition should have been captained and crewed by Newfoundlanders."

What British Columbia Wants.

Speaking at Victoria B. C., Earl Grey said that in time Canada will become the paramount influence among the self-governing nations of the Empire. This belief should be sufficient to stir the blood of the people, and keep them alive to those traditions which have made the Empire great.

Referring to British Columbia, he said, "What you want in British Columbia is more immigration of British blood. When I see the vast resources, the rich opportunities, and the undeveloped wealth, I long to see a larger influx of people come here.

"When I was in London recently, I spoke to General Booth—a man who is a youngster compared with our friend Lord Strathcona. The General nearly cried in telling me that the efforts of The Salvation Army to place men in Canada were not being thoroughly appreciated, and he pointed out to me that the overwhelming majority of the men sent here had turned out well."

Laurentian Wrecked.

One of the oldest boats in the Allan service, the "Laurentian" is now a wreck on the shores of Newfoundland.

"Mistaken Point, a neck of land jutting out into the ocean about five miles west of Cape Race, was the place where the "Laurentian" met her doom. Numbers of steamers have gone ashore there, or in the near vicinity, and more wrecks have taken place in that locality than in any other section of the North Atlantic.

When Captain Imrie thought himself miles off the coast, the Steamer was right on the cliffs, and the first thing known of their position was when the vessel's bow crashed into the rocks.

Fortunately the sea was very calm and all the passengers and crew were taken off safely in the ship's own boats. Had there been any sea running, serious loss of life would have attended the wreck as the cliffs are almost perpendicular, and to land through the surf there is almost impossible.

Climbed Mt. Robson.

This century is likely to witness the accomplishment of many feats which have hitherto been deemed impossible. News now comes that Mount Robson, the highest and hitherto unassailed peak of the Rockies, has been conquered by a Canadian. Rev. George Kinney, Methodist Minister of Victoria. Mr. Kinney writes that he accomplished this remarkable feat unaided on August 13, and that he has authentic proofs of the ascent. Mr. Kinney started three months ago to climb the mountain. Prof. Coleman of Toronto University tried it twice once in 1907 and once in 1908, but failed both times.

School for Aeronauts.

A school of aerial navigation is to be opened in Germany this month. This is the first venture in this direction. It will be devoted exclusively to instruction in the art of managing dirigible balloons and flying machines. Students must not be over eighteen years of age, and must have passed through the intermediate school grades and had practical experience in a factory where motors are manufactured. The course of instruction embodies both the theory and practice of flying, and requires an attendance of two years, divided into four half-year terms. In the summer the students will work upon airship apparatus, make ascensions in free balloons and dirigibles, and be drilled in the use of aeroplanes. The winter term will be devoted to the theory, including physics, machine construction, and aerostatics, with mathematics modern languages, and telegraphy as auxiliary courses.

Raiding Blind Pigs.

Another raid has been made on blind pigs in the New Ontario district. Sixteen convictions for breaches of the liquor laws were secured, several men sent to jail, and $1 660 collected in fines. A large quantity of liquor was seized and destroyed. At Elk Lake two hundred barrels of beer were confiscated, and at Matheson, the detective, confiscated twenty cases of beer, and two barrels of whisky. All sorts of dodges are resorted to at Latchford, in order to ship liquor to Gowganda and up the Montreal river in a way that it will not be detected. Bottles of the prohibited liquor are carried in gasoline cans and barrels. Innocent looking cases of provisions are, in fact, cases of whiskey.

It is a good job that the police are vigilant up that way, and we hope they will root out the whole of the illegal traffic.

Big Comet Coming.

Next spring, says those who know, the big comet known as "Halley's" will pass close enough to the earth to be seen in all its glory. It's last appearance was in 1835.

At the present moment the earth and the comet are rushing towards one another at a tremendous pace in their several orbits and rapidly reducing the four hundred millions of miles which separated them a short time ago. There is, however, no danger of a collision, as we shall pass in October the spot at which the comet will arrive at the end of next March. By May and June of next year we shall have got round to the other side of the sun, and the comet which will then be turning in its path in o space, will be at its nearest to us. But again we shall be in front of it and when it crosses our orbit for the second time, we shall be steadily leaving it behind us.

This celebrated comet appears once in seventy-five years, and on two occasions it was connected with important historical events, and the superstitious regarded it as a favourable omen or the reverse according to their states of mind.

The first date was that of the Norman invasion of England, and each side claimed the comet as a portent in favour of themselves. The other famous appearance of the comet was in 1456, when it spread terror all over Europe, and in all the churches people prayed to be delivered from the Turks and the comet.

Its appearance, according to the chroniclers of the time, was terrible. It stretched across the sky like a waving flame and was of the colour of molten gold.

We hope it will appear as a sign of peace this time.

Cape to Cairo Route.

The first woman to travel over the Cape to Cairo route, is Miss Charlotte Mansfield, who recently reached England. She travelled 11,728 miles by steamer, 3 465 miles by railway, 525 miles by gunboat, 930 miles by "meshillah" and walking. The "meshillah" is a hammock swung between two poles, and carried by native bearers. She was received by the natives everywhere with the greatest veneration, some even beating off her bearers for the honour of carrying her themselves. Miss Mansfield seems to have been chiefly impressed with Rhodesia. "I did not find," she says, "a single white man or woman there discontented. Their only want was more white people."

Government Bank for America.

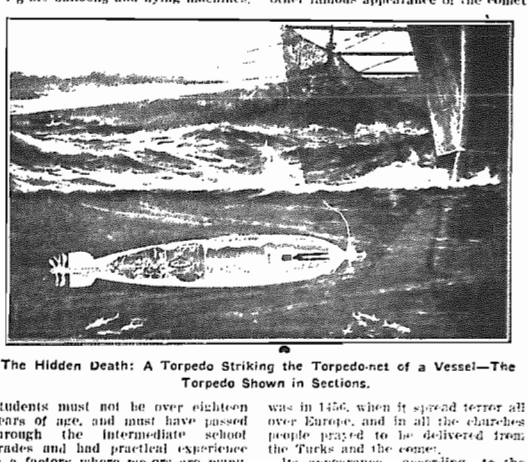
President Taft is shortly going to urge upon the U. S. Congress the advisability of the establishment of a postal savings bank system, whereby, he believes, many millions of dollars which are now sent abroad each year, or stored at home by immigrants who distrust American banks, would be placed at the disposal of the Government.

Dr. F. Cook.

A curious proof of the demand by foreign labourers for a Government guarantee of their deposits, is forthcoming from Kansas City, where the postal officials were recently puzzled by the large number of money orders which had not been presented for payment. Upon investigation it was found that immigrants were using the post office as a savings bank, over $25,000 having been deposited there within a year by the simple method of buying money-orders payable to the buyer. The satisfaction of knowing that the money was absolutely safe, compensated for the lack of interest.

Dreadnought Destroyers.

An attack on the "Dreadnought" by torpedo-boat destroyers was a prominent feature of the great review at Spithead. On that occasion it is hardly necessary to remark, the torpedoes were fitted with dummy heads. Our illustration (which is taken from the Illustrated London News) shows a torpedo (the submarine that works itself) with its warhead fixed, striking a torpedo-net of a battleship. The length of a torpedo is from 12 ft., 4 in. to 16 ft. 9. Torpedoes are provided with special steel cutters designed to enable them to cut through the strongest torpedo-nets. The meshes of such nets were originally about 6 in. in diameter; they are now 1½ in. They are of steel wire, and are linked together by means of small galvanised steel rings. The nets are held from the sides of the vessels by means of 20-foot steel booms set about forty feet apart. A chain at the bottom of the net keeps it in place.



The Hidden Death: A Torpedo Striking the Torpedo-net of a Vessel—The Torpedo Shown in Sections.

The numbers on the torpedo refer to the following points:—

1. Twin screws that revolve in opposite directions at high speed.
2. Vertical Rudder.
3. Horizontal rudder.
4. Bevel gear.
5. Propeller shaft.
6. Buoyancy chamber.
7. Starting gear, which is touched by a catch as the torpedo leaves the tube, and so sets the engines going.
8. Starting pin.
9. Engine chamber.
10. Balance chamber.
11. Gyroscope.
12. Weight, acting on the horizontal rudder, which controls the distance below the surface.
13. Compressed-air chamber—pressure 350 lbs. to the square inch. Provides motive-power for the engines.
14. War-service head.
15. Charge of Gun-cotton, or other high explosive—200 lbs.
16. Primer—Fulminate of mercury.
17. Striker, which, when driven in, fires the charge.
18. Safety-pin which is withdrawn at the last moment.
19. Fan, which revolves in the water, and unscrews and releases the striker.

PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS.

An Old Story Repeated.

Among the recent converts at a small Canadian Corps, was a young man who for a considerable time, had by his prodigality, been estranged from his father.

As the mercy seat the young man remembered his estrangement and resolved to put matters right at the earliest opportunity.

Early one morning he was making his way through a glade, when he saw his father at work in an adjoining field. Remembering his resolve, the young man, after a moment's hesitation hustled to his father.

The old story of the prodigal son well describes what occurred, as the son flung his arms around his father's neck and a touching reconciliation under God's blue sky, resulted.

What Brought Success.

As a result of the cruel treatment of his drunken father, a young man ran away from home and enlisted in the King's army. He soon lost all the results of home training and a loving Christian mother's influences, and sank deeply into sin. One of his de-

lights was to annoy the Salvationists wherever he found them.

For some time he was allowed to have his fling, but when the interruptions became past bearing a gentle restraint was placed upon him by the officer.

A new course of action was then adopted, as a Soldier, without further ado made a point of dealing privately with the young man on several occasions and one Sunday, when failure seemed sure, the Soldier led the wanderer to the penitent form and pointed him to Jesus. He has since been enrolled as a Soldier. Ask him who made him take the step, and he will tell you the painstaking efforts of the simple Soldier.

A Dying Request.

God's way for us may not always be the easy one. It may even run counter to the way our parents or friends have marked out for us. But it is always better to obey God rather than man, as the following story shows:

A young man decided to join The Salvation Army. He felt he could work best for God in its ranks. One night, after he had connected himself

Ensign and Mrs. Weir, Who Were Recently Married.

with the Corps, he told his father of the joy he found there. His parent became enraged, and instead of encouragement, the son received a threat of banishment from the home if he continued to be a Salvationist.

It was a great trial of faith, and the young man balked between two opinions but ultimately decided that present ease was better than future glory, and yielded to his parents' request. Little did he realise what the result would be.

In one short year he became a backslider, and after a brief career of dissipation, found himself on his death-bed. As he lay dying, he whispered to his mother these words. "I want to be buried by the path that leads to the old well, so that every time my father draws water, he will remember that his dead son lies near by, and that it was all his fault."

What a mournful reflection for his father. Parents should be very careful about interfering with the religious convictions of their children.

The Tune Saved Him.

He was "down and out." Life had lost its charm for him, and in a fit of desperation he decided to end his life. For the awful purpose he walked upon the great span over the Q—— River. He had climbed the parapet, when sounds of stirring music reached his ears. Beads of perspiration stood out on his temples as he braced himself to hurl himself into the dark waters of the depths below. But he felt strangely impressed by the tune. It was one he had heard long years ago, and he must hear that tune again if possible, he thought.

He followed The Army Band to the Hall, and sat in a back seat, then the usual happened, and to-day he is a Sergeant in our ranks.

Results of Disobedience.

Impenitent disobedience to the voice of God is sure to bring remorse, and in the end eternal punishment.

Four young people of a certain Corps simultaneously heard the call to Officership. But they did not want to leave friends and home, and their congenial surroundings. Besides, no one could say that they were idlers, and the Captain greatly valued the service they rendered. They disobeyed the voice ever sounding in their spiritual ears.

Eventually three of them left the Corps. It took but a short time for the young men to slink in o the depths of sin. One got into prison for attempting suicide, and one girl began a life of sin. And the other lassie, warned by the terrible results of her companions' folly, at last paid heed to the Voice, and is soon to become an Officer. The path of duty is the path of safety.

Colour Sergt. Bebb, of Bracebridge.

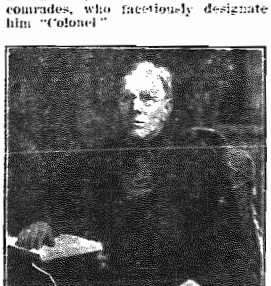
Colour-Sergeant George Bebb, was born at Golden, Shropshire, England, sixty-three years ago. His parents were God-fearing people and did their best to bring young George up in the way of truth. But this was entirely averse to his ideas, and soon the parental roof became too small for him.

He left England for the Dominion in the seventies eventually landing among the hills of Muskoka, where he secured a farm.

Some years later he went to Barrie, and while there, saw The Salvation Army—a strange to of people to him.

One night he attended an Army meeting. He was convicted of sin, and before the meeting closed, made a start for heaven.

For over twenty years he has travelled on the upward road, and for about the same number of years he has fought with the Bracebridge comrades, who facetiously designate him "Colonel."



Colour-Sergt. Bebb, of Bracebridge.

Brother Bebb is one of the "long distance" knee-drill attendants. He walks seven miles every time. God bless him.

Where Had He Seen The S. A.?

The stranger walked up the broad thoroughfare towards The Army Headquarters (Toronto.) He looked a trifle bewildered at so much traffic, and almost forgot his errand. He was in search of The Army Hall.

Without glancing up at the big gilded letters, "The Salvation Army" he stepped into the corner office, and curiously peered around.

"Can you tell me where The Army Hall is?" he inquired of the young men who appeared at the wicket.

"Right here, sir, you'll find The Army," was the reply. "This is one of our Headquarters' offices."

"That so?" said the stranger, gazing wonderingly around him. "Well, I'm kinder glad I found you, because, you know—I like The Army people. I've seen them 'round our way and say, they just suit me. But, look here, I don't believe in saying a lot of nice things and never giving a hand in a good work (he began to rummage his trousers' pockets) and so I'd like to give you something for The Army."

Still somewhat unconscious of his whereabouts, the stranger planked a

Yankee dollar on the sill, and walked out of the office.

Who doesn't like The Army?

Beresford's Views on Temperance.

Lord Charles Beresford, who recently visited Canada, is an advocate of temperance. His views on the subject are well expressed in the following extract from a letter to the leaders of the Malta Temperance Campaign. He said:—

"I do not believe that alcohol in any form ever has, or ever will, do anyone any good. I am now sixty years old and since I have entirely given up wine, spirits and beer, I find that I can do as much or more physically and mentally, than I could when I was thirty. I am always well, always cheery, laugh at the "downs" of life equally with the "ups," and always feel fit and in condition.

"If only some of the young men would try going without liquor for three months, I do not believe they would think liquor at all necessary again.

"Get some of your splendid young men to try it, and report proceedings after three months."

Nearly a Quarter of a Century.

The power of God to keep a man from sinning has many times been proved, and never more positively perhaps, than in this case.

Two men both of them disheveled, and almost helplessly drunk, staggered out of a saloon in an Eastern town one night while an Army open air meeting was in progress. The beating of the drum attracted their attention, and, after a zig-zag course across the road, both managed themselves of the support of a lamp post on the outskirts of the crowd.

One man sleepily surveyed the proceedings, the other apparently took in all that was said and done.

"Say, old—hic!—chap, I'm going—hic—get saved," the latter said to his friend, who was still drowsily eyeing the bonnetted lassies, and saying, he elbowed his way through the crowd and knelt at the drum.

Saved and sobered he rose from his knees and—got drunk next day. Some critical reader may suggest No! "For twenty-three years he has been a Salvationist," said the Officer who led him to the Saviour, "and I know its true for when I shook hands with him a day or two ago, I hardly recognised him."

PERSONALITIES.

His Excellency Earl Grey, Governor-General for Canada, called at The Salvation Army Provincial Headquarters, Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 7th, and commented favourably upon our well appointed offices. Afterward, upon his invitation, Major F. Morris, Staff-Captains Collier and Wakefield, called upon him at the Hotel Vancouver at 7 p. m. the same evening, when, for a considerable time, in his private apartment, His Excellency discussed Army affairs in its several branches, making particular enquiry regarding our work at the Coast.

* *

We learn with regret that Adjutant Coate, of Nashville, Tenn., is in a hospital, and has undergone a serious operation. The Adjutant will be remembered as an old Canadian Officer, and the prayers of comrades who knew him are asked on his behalf.

* *

We congratulate Brigadier and Mrs. Rawlings on the arrival of a little son, and are happy to say that everything is going on well.

* *

Extensive alterations, under the supervision of Ensign Stitt, are being made to our Uxbridge Citadel. Major Miller, the architect, also informs us that he has just completed plans for a brand new Citadel at Haileybury, and another at Calgary.

* *

The plans for alterations and enlargements for a new wing to the Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, have also been drafted by the Major.

* *

Captain H. Golden has taken charge of Thedford, Ont.

* *

Ensign Cafe, of Newfoundland has been very sick, and is now resting in New York State.

* *

Colonel and Mrs. Sowton have recently completed a tour in the Land of the Five Rivers—the Punjab, India. They travelled, apart from train journeys, about 1[illegible] miles in "tongas, bamboo carts, and ekkas," conducted nineteen meetings and saw nearly five hundred souls at the mercy seat for salvation or holiness.

* *

A short sketch of the career of Lieut.-Col. Barkat Bibi (Mrs. Friedrich) appears in the Indian Cry for the month of August.

* *

Colonel Lamb, of London, England, is, at the time of going to press on his way to this Dominion.

* *

Captain Crocker has been appointed to take charge of Clinton, Ont. The Captain will be remembered as Major Simeo's erstwhile assistant.

* *

Captain Rankin recently paid us a visit at P. H. Q., from Andimaul Indian Settlement. He looks well.

Referring to the New York Staff Band's visit to Toronto, Staff-Captain Norris, writes in the American Cry as follows:

"There is a story told of an Irishman who fell from a scaffold. His comrade called down to him, "Pat, are you killed?" and he replied, "No, but I'm spacheless.' Like the Irishman, we are spacheless" when we attempt to describe the heartiness, cordiality and goodwill of the reception accorded us at the 'Queen City' of Toronto."

OVER THE WAVES!

By Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg.

IT looked such a tiny boat! I stood alone upon the shore watching it. The wind was high, the heavens were very dark, and the sea angry, as it tossed this little bit of wood to and fro, up and down upon its restless bosom.

As far as my eyes could discern, there was only one man in it, and all his attention was evidently occupied with managing the sails!

Presently a big steamer came along. Mighty in its relentless strength, it serenely passed over the waters, and did not appear even to rise or fall in its steady progress.

Anxious Moments.

I looked anxiously towards the little boat, which as a speck compared with this powerful steamship, was struggling and bounding 'mid new difficulties caused by the bigger vessel. Yet the one man never took his eyes or hands off the sails. Once I thought that the wind had proved too strong and the waves too cruel, when my little boat seemed to go right down, and for an instant I almost lost sight of it, but as my lips uttered the words, "It has gone under," it came up again, and the man had turned the sails and let the boat go with the waves. That was better! It went over them now. Calmly he waited till the worst was over, and then he turned again and went forward as before!

My little boat presently passed right out to sea beyond my sight, yet it had taught me a lesson. There as I sat in solitude upon the shore, I thought about it and applied its teaching. How, after all, our hearts were like that little boat! How sweetly they sail along when the sun shines, while the sky is blue, while the sea is calm. But the storm comes, the waves rise, and do we always go over them? Do we keep our eyes and hands only on the sails? Do we turn our trembling little barque to go with the waves, or do we too often battle against them until one stronger and crueller than the rest meets us, and we go under? I wondered.

Tale of the Slums.

I was visiting in the slums the other day. The little Slum Captain asked me if I would go with her to a family she was particularly interested in—people that had been fairly comfortable once. As we sat waiting for the subject of our visit to come in, I looked around the one small room that now is home. A baby's cot in a corner told its own story and there were several other touching tokens of better days.

Presently the door opened, and a fine, strongly-built woman came in. Grasping the Captain's hand, her large dark eyes quickly filled with tears. While pressing a thin, pale babe of a few months to her breast, she burst forth with the story of a wife's broken heart. Her husband, once a student, once so kind, had got into evil company, and had gone under. Now she was in misery and extreme want, with three helpless little children to support.

My little Captain who always has her eyes on the soul, spoke to her tenderly of the Saviour, and pointed her to the Harbour. The tears fell faster, the baby was pressed tighter, and then—"I was there once. I was a Salvation Soldier, a Candidate for Officership; but—" One wave bigger than the rest had come, and she had gone under.

Oh, as we knelt and prayed while her sobs found their echo right deep down in my tender heart, I thought of what might have been if only that trembling bark had gone over!

Yes, my little boat had taught me a lesson. I thought how it might never have gone over those big, fierce waves if the man had not waited a space and let it go with them. So with our hearts, while we battle and question and wrestle against the Will of God for us; while we call out in the darkness, "We must see." For while we seek and seek in our ignorance, to understand the "why" and "wherefore" of the storm, our little barks do not make much headway; they toss to and fro; up and down and only get wounded afresh by going against the waves. And, oh, what danger they run of going under!

The devil is, alas! ever ready with some big wave, some temptation which is stronger than all that has met us before.

The Only Way.

But even then if we turn about, if we go with the waves, if we bow to the will of God, inexplicable as it may seem if we give up trying to understand if we keep our eyes fixed upon a God of love, and our hand in the hand of our Father, and say, even though it be with trembling lips and tear-blinded eyes:—

His way is best! Though dark to mortal sight,
And oft it seems to lead to blackest night,
Yet 'tis the path to everlasting Light—
His way is best!

His way is best. Yes, He shall ever choose
My path! My hand in His, I lose my fears
And with His Guide for ever I am blest—
His way is best!

Oh, if only we do this then we shall go right over—right over the waves!

For an instant it may seem to those dear ones watching us from the shore that we have gone under; that the poor, frail human bit of us cannot keep above the tempest. But they will see us come up again, as my little boat did; and if we only wait and trust till the worst is over, we shall go ahead even once again, right out to sea!

Over the waves, not under
Above the tempest wild,
Over the stormy billows
God carries His struggling child;
Safe into the Heavenly Harbour,
Safe on to the Golden Shore,
Where sorrow and pain and anguish
Are over for evermore.

Adjutant Bloss is busy collecting $20,000 for suburban Corps in Vancouver. Will he get it? We shall see. He is pushing ahead.

* *

We deeply regret Mrs. Adjutant Gosling's illness. Pacific comrades are praying for the Adjutant and his dear wife, who are now resting.

Pacific Paragraphs.

We have welcomed back from furlough, Ensign and Mrs. Hammill. They have proceeded with their daughter Ethel, to Nelson Corps. This talented trio will, we are sure, be received warmly by both Soldiers and friends, and we bespeak for them a good run of success.

* *

Captain Cosman has been bravely holding on at Vernon, assisted by Lieutenant Robinson, in the absence of Ensign Nellie Horwood. Sister Wilks has been a great help in many ways.

* *

The lawn social held recently at the Rescue Home was a good success in every way. Vancouver I. Band rendered special help.

* *

Staff-Captain Collier is fully alive, and has, we observe, minute control of his several important departments of work; not the least of which is the Police Court and Jail. Some very special cases have recently been successfully dealt with by him.

* *

Fairbanks may be opened in September. The demand for Officers is great. Ensign Johnstone, of Dawson, is most enthusiastic. He sent $275.00 to send in Officers. We shall see what we shall see.

* *

Adjutant Howell has been received with open arms at No. 1, and stirring soul-saving times are on.

* *

H. F. looms large on the horizon. Difficulties? Yes, just a few, you know. Still, if faith and works are any thing we have a stock of both. The Provincial Staff, including the P. O's wife, have been giving willing service.

* *

Ensign Dennis and Lieutenant Waller have just arrived from Dawson. The P. C. had the unique task of explaining to these devoted Officers the value of such small stuff as nickels and dimes, as well as Canadian small change. Twenty-five cents is the smallest exchange in the Yukon. Who will volunteer for this field of work?

* *

Major and Mrs. Morris accompanied by the Bandmaster and nine of the Vancouver I. Band, spent last Sunday at Westminster. A splendid day resulted. The town is growing, and so is The Army. The P. C. and his wife were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, who were exceedingly kind.

* *

We say to our twenty-eight Candidates in the Pacific, "To the front, the cry is ringing." The Training Session will soon commence.

* *

Brigadier Sweeton gave us a visit and two meetings at Vancouver recently. He was warmly welcomed by his many friends.

* *

Envoy Miles is tackling that Saw Mill at Glen Vowell in fine style. Word from Adjutant Thorkildson is very encouraging.

* *

We welcome to the Province Captain Marshall, Captain Limb, Lieutenants Hamilton and Gibb. Also delighted to see Captains Holland and Peacock at the front again.

THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 40 Albert St., Toronto.

All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S.A. Temple, Toronto. All matters referring to subscriptions, despatch and change of address, to the Trade Secretary. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

GAZETTE.

Marriage—

Ensign Everett DeBow, who came out of Fredericton, N. B., 25-9-01, of the Territorial Headquarters, Toronto; to Ensign Mary McKim, who came out of Fairville, N. B. 12-12-99; last stationed at St. Catharines, on September 1st, 1909, at the Temple, by Commissioner Coombs.

Ensign Malcolm Weir, who came out of Montreal 20-4-99, last stationed at Halifax Metropole, to Captain Carrie Stimers, who came out of Belleville, 19-12-03; last stationed at Orillia; on August 12th, at Belleville Ontario, by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

Promotions—

Lieutenant Selina Butler, of Truro, N. S., to be Captain.

Lieutenant Jennie McQueen, of North Head, N. B. to be Captain.

Appointments—

LIEUT.-COLONEL SOUTHALL, to be Secretary for Young People's Work.

STAFF-CAPTAIN BARR to be Chancellor at St. John, N. B., Eastern Province.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

A STRIKING METAPHOR.

The field of human endeavour has very few more splendid exhibitions of courage, endurance and devotion to a cause, than that connected with the discovery of the North Pole. It is said that seven hundred men have died in the endeavour to stand on the world's axis, while the physical pain that has been endured is simply incalculable. To what end? So far as we can see at present, humanity is not like largely to benefit, as water and ice form the matter at the world's top. There is, however, a spiritual lesson that we may learn from the success of Commander Peary, which we have endeavoured to emphasise in our cartoon. It is the nailing fast of our consecration and never lowering the Flag. The figurative expression used by the Arctic explorer has called forth a good-humoured query, which has elicited an equally good-humoured and witty reply. May our consecration—to use the same figure—be kept fast by "wrought iron nails, driven through and clenched on the other side."

There is great need of this. In these days, when the comforts, and pleasures of this life count for so much, there is a great tendency to shirk the Cross, and to seek out the easiest path to the Celestial City, and to come down from the mark of consecration made in the earlier, and perhaps more devoted days of our experience. Should any comrade feel a tendency this way, we urge them to remember the Cross and Him who died thereon; to think of the wounds He bore, the anguish He underwent and then nailing their consecration to the Cross, clench it on the other side.

CLINCH YOUR CONSECRATION!

Many telegrams of congratulation and inquiry have been received by H. L. Bridgman, Secretary of the Peary Arctic Club, but one which was received to-day was somewhat unique. It is as follows: "Ashland, Ore., Sept. 12.—H. L. Bridgman, Secretary Peary Arctic Club, Sydney, N. S.: Anent Peary's clearest, unfilled narrative regarding nailing the flag to the Pole please publish whether or not the nails were cut or wrenched. (Signed) E. T. Staples." To this, Mr. Bridgman replied:—"E. T. Staples, Ashland, Oregon: Neither. The nails were of wrought iron, driven through and clinched on the other side. (Signed) Bridgman."—Daily Paper.

Colonel and Mrs. Mapp
AT LISGAR STREET.

A Number of Headquarters Officers Assist—Splendid Congregations—Two Souls.

THE visit of the Chief Secretaries to Lisgar Street for the week-end, was an event that created a good deal of interest in the neighbourhood.

On Saturday night the meeting was for Soldiers and ex-Soldiers only, and a goodly number were present. Short addresses were given by various Officers on a diversity of topics. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire spoke on "What it means to be a Soldier;" Ensign Peacock, on "The Attitude of Newcomers Towards Old Residents, and Vice Versa;" Brigadier Hawkings, on "Finance;" and Brigadier Bond on "How to Spoil a Meeting." After these highly interesting subjects had been dealt with in a very able manner, the Chief Secretary gave an address on the meaning of "Consecration," illustrating it by various incidents that had come under his own observation. At the close, almost the whole congregation rose, to signify their willingness to consecrate themselves afresh to God's service.

The weather conditions were ideal for open-air warfare, and this part of the Sunday's activities, was carried on enthusiastically by all from the Colonel to the newest convert—a gray-haired man who knelt at the mercy seat that afternoon, and came to the open-air testified at night.

The holiness meeting was helpful and inspiring. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Captain Mardall each sang a solo Brigadier Taylor read the Scriptures, and Mrs. Colonel Mapp gave a short heart to heart talk.

The Colonel's address, on "What manner of persons ought ye to be?" was clear and convincing.

The afternoon free and easy was a time of joyful praise and testimony. Brigadier Bond led on for a while, and quite a number availed themselves of the opportunity given for voluntary testimony. Majors Turpin and Attwell, Staff-Captain Burrows and Captains Darby and Young, were among those who took part. The lesson was read by Staff-Captain White, who pleaded strongly with the unsaved to get right with God. At the close of the service a grey-haired man was led to the mercy seat by a visiting comrade from Bracebridge—Sister Mrs Garbutt.

In between the usual meetings, the Colonel found time to address the Juniors and have a special meeting with the Band.

The Hall was filled to overflowing at night. Mrs. Staff-Captain White and Ensigns Lightbourne led in prayer, Captain Mardall and Sister Mrs. Humphries each sang a solo, Major Miller gave a brief address and Mrs. Colonel Mapp read a portion of Luke's Gospel. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire then spoke briefly, urging the people to consider the salvation of their souls before death overtook them. After a selection from the Band, Colonel Mapp gave a heart-stirring address showing the striking contrast between mankind in general and "The Man"—Christ, and urging his hearers to turn away from the sins of the world, and take Christ as their example.

In the prayer meeting, one young man knelt at the mercy seat.

Forgiveness.

Some people find it difficult to forgive. They are naturally resentful and implacable.

Others find forgiveness easy. They like to love and be loved, and estrangement makes them unhappy.

The kind of forgiveness that Christ taught, complete and absolute, is never really easy. To forgive in Christ's sense means to blot out the remembrance of offence. We may live a long time without arriving at this perfection of one of the first of Christian graces.

Christian forgiveness should be instant. It is comparatively easy to forgive after we have indulged ourselves in resentment: after we have got satisfaction by showing our anger. It is better than not forgiving at all; but it is far from being the ideal set up by Christ. Christian forgiveness is without limit and this is what makes it most difficult.

Chance Harbour. — Lieutenant Andrews has farewelled. During her stay here, thirteen souls claimed salvation. Four have become Soldiers. On August 25th our Juniors' Picnic was held. Captain Ellsworth, Lieutenant Harbin, Lieutenant Crocker, and Cadet Hodge were present and an enjoyable time was spent.—G. S.

Headquarters' Notes.

Territorial Headquarters,
Wednesday, Sept. 15, 1909.

The visit of the Commissioner to Ottawa and Montreal proved to be a very useful and successful one in different directions. He was accompanied by the Chief Secretary—Lieut.-Colonel Howell also being present at the former place.

* * *

While in Montreal, the Commissioner gave very close attention to the work connected with our Metropole. The institution, which is deservedly popular in the city, has made remarkable strides. Arrangements have been made to utilise all the premises for rooming purposes transferring the Salvage operations to another large building.

* * *

Mrs. Commissioner Coombs is expected back in the city to-night, after attending to a number of important matters in Ottawa, St. John, N. B., Halifax and Montreal.

* * *

Brigadier Potter has also been East, dealing with quite a few financial matters. While in St. John, N. B., the Brigadier went fully into the affairs of the Metropole there, relieving Adjutant Cornish of the same and putting in Adjutant Carter.

* * *

Adjutant Cornish has rendered good service, and after a well-deserved furlough, will take up a Field appointment. The Adjutant's heart is in the Field.

* * *

We bespeak for Adjutant Carter a very useful and successful time in his new appointment. The Adjutant, in certain respects, is quite an enthusiast.

* * *

Captain Hurd has been appointed to take charge of the Salvage operations in Montreal, under the direction of Major Taylor.

* * *

We were delighted to see Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Scott in Toronto, while on their annual furlough. These comrades look well, and the Colonel gives an encouraging account of the work in his Province.

* * *

Staff-Captain Barr, having farewelled from St. John's Nfld., has been appointed as Chancellor, under Lieut.-Colonel Turner at St. John, N. B. Our prayers and faith follow Staff-Captain and Mrs. Barr.

* * *

We are not by any means at the end of our marriage list. The next to enter the state of Holy Matrimony is Captain Heberden. This comrade's marriage will take place at the Temple, on October 11th. Captain Simpson is the other interested party. Our best wishes follow these comrades.

* * *

In this connection we may say that Captain Simpson is an old hand at T. H. Q. We place on record our appreciation of her work and services at the centre. We shall miss her very much indeed.

* * *

The Chief Secretary put in a week-end at Lisgar Street. A full report is published elsewhere. This is the first week-end of the Chief Secretary at that Corps. Several comrades have heard him say that he is greatly delighted with the condition of the Corps and the force and power that is in it. He is full of faith that we shall hear more about Lisgar Street.

* * *

The Commissioner has agreed to the following re-arrangements taking place in the St. John, N. B., and Halifax Divisions:

Charlottetown and Summerside, transferred from Halifax to St. John, N. B., and Windsor, Kempt ville and Clarke's Harbour, from St. John, N. B., to the Halifax Division.

* * *

The Annual Congress in Toronto, will take place between October 26th and 25th. Full particulars will be published later on. Already the Commissioner has had some important conferences with the Chief Secretary and other leading Officers on T. H. Q.

* * *

By the time these Notes are in print, the Cadets forming the new Training Session, will have had their private and public welcome. A splendid time table has been arranged, which is in keeping with the necessities of the prolonged period of Training. The accommodation has been enlarged and improved by the purchase of an adjoining premises which now makes a splendid sweep of property for our Training Work.

* * *

We are sorry to inform our comrades that Adjutant Sims has been compelled to undergo an operation. According to the latest news to hand, the Adjutant is doing well. Mrs. Sims has our deepest sympathy, and we are praying that the Adjutant will soon be restored to health and strength.

THE GENERAL

Making Continued Progress.

(From the British War Cry.)

It is with no little satisfaction that The War Cry is able to report that The General has by the blessing of God, made very satisfactory progress during the past week.

On Monday and Tuesday, which it will be remembered were the third and fourth days from the operation, there was some measure of anxiety, for there was, during those days, a possibility of the trouble which had attacked the eye extending. But by Wednesday this danger had passed away, and since then steady and satisfactory progress toward recovery has marked each step.

On Saturday morning the doctors agreed that the patient might return home; and accordingly, accompanied by the Chief of the Staff, The General left Welbeck Street during the afternoon, and reached his home in the North of London without serious fatigue.

The improvement continued during yesterday, and he was allowed to come downstairs for two or three hours.

The General is still suffering considerable pain, but it is now of an intermittent character, and is certainly less day by day. He is not sleeping well, but under the circumstances this, perhaps, is not to be surprised at, and the doctors are highly gratified to find that, considering the shock, strain, and suffering of the last fortnight, our Leader's general health is wonderfully maintained.

The General desires to express his pleasure at the many inquiries which have been made on his behalf, not only from all parts of this country, but from all parts of the world. It is impossible for him at present to deal with these letters and telegrams, but he hopes to make some acknowledgement later.

Among many kind inquiries which have come to him during the last day or so have been those from the Prime Minister, the Chief Rabbi, and Lord Rosebery; and the following letter was sent by instruction of the Prince and Princess of Wales:—

"Marlborough House,
Pall Mall, S. W.
August 25, 1909.

"Dear Sir,—The Prince and Princess of Wales are much concerned to hear that you are suffering from your eyes, and that it has been necessary for you to undergo an operation.

"I am directed to express the earnest hope of their Royal Highnesses that you are not experiencing severe pain, and that you may soon be restored to your usual health and vigour.

"Believe me, dear sir yours very faithfully,

(Signed) Arthur Bigge."

General Booth."

We are sure that our readers will continue to pray for our beloved Leader's complete restoration to health.

Annie S. Swan.

Gifted Writer's High Estimate of the Work of Army Women.

Annie Swan, who is known in private life as Mrs. Burnett Smith, occupies almost a unique position among the women story-writers of the day. All her work is animated by earnest moral purpose. The monetary reward is altogether a secondary consideration if she has reason to believe her pen can do good.

"I can honestly say" she once wrote, "that at the beginning of my career I never gave one passing thought to the market value of the stuff I produced. I was even unaware that money could be made by it. I wrote for the love of writing, and in the hope of doing good."

On another occasion, when asked by an interviewer to what she attributed her success, she said:—

"Certainly not to genius. If I had succeeded—and it would be affectation to pretend that I have not—with a good many readers of a certain class, it is simply because I deal with everyday life. I write simple stories dealing with the class of people with which I myself am most familiar. If I am successful, it is because I always endeavour to preserve the note of personal sympathy. I feel in sympathy with those I write about, and with those I write for, and so I have many confidences given me."

Of very few prominent movements making for the elevation of mankind is Annie Swan wholly ignorant; but of The Salvation Army she has special knowledge. Some years ago she was invited to investigate every Department of The Army's work and embody her impressions in a book.

"It took me about six weeks altogether" she said, "and I spent several whole nights at my task. Every facility was afforded me for making my investigations thorough, but there was no attempt to prejudice me in any way. In 'The Outsiders' I recorded my impressions, which were wholly appreciative."

"Have subsequent observations or reflections led you to modify your views at all?"

"I think not. You must remember I had exceptional opportunities of studying The Army's methods of work, and the book was written in the full glow of enthusiasm which my inquiries provoked. I am as thoroughly in sympathy with the work to-day as I was then, though I must confess to a feeling that the standard of labour and self-sacrifice is perhaps rather exacting, particularly for the women."

Noble in the Highest Degree.

In this particular, however, the talented authoress probably judges things too much from the middle-class standpoint and gives insufficient weight to the facts—which the early history of Christianity amply confirms—that the amount of sacrifice put into Christian service is the measure of its efficiency and success; that suffering for the truth's sake has more effect upon the world than any amount of eloquence; and that wealth and ease are the canker at the heart of the modern Church.

The work of The Army women, she thinks is noble in the highest degree. She has not dealt with it in any of her books, as some other writers have done, but her appreciation is none the less sincere.

Touching the value of The Army's Rescue Work, the popular writer uttered words which, though now almost a truism, are of striking value, coming from one of transparent sincerity who has studied the facts first-hand.

"So far as I have had opportunity of judging The Salvation Army has had greater success in the actual uplifting of the fallen than any other organisation in the world."

Then she added:—

"The system is admirable, and I think sound from start to finish."

Asked if she had any objection to my embodying her views in a short article for the "Social Gazette," Annie Swan gracefully replied:—

"None whatever. Many of your readers have long been among my friends. I wish them abounding happiness and increasing success."—British Social Gazette.

The Week-End's Despatches.

Another Good Week-End.

READ THESE REPORTS AND REJOICE.

LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. GASKIN AT YORKVILLE.

West Toronto Band Assists.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin, accompanied by the West Toronto Band, visited **Yorkville** on Sunday, September 12th. The meetings were of great power. In the morning the Colonel's subject was "The Ifs of Jesus." The Band gave a programme of music and song in the afternoon, and everyone present seemed to be delighted. We had about forty-five all told in the open-air at night.

The salvation meeting was a powerful one, and two souls came to the mercy seat.

NEW PEOPLE REACHED.

Cadets to be Farewelled at Night.

Special meetings were held at **Lippincott Street**, on Sunday, Sept. 12th. Captain and Mrs. Merrett were in charge, assisted by Captain B. Pattenden. In the afternoon an open-air service was held near the Victoria Club, where many new people were reached with the Gospel message.

The Rev. Mr. McKillup and his wife were present in the night meeting, when a man found the Saviour and Candidates Treasurer and George farewelled for the Training College.

LEFT HIS BEER AND GOT CONVERTED.

Cobourg.—On Thursday night, September 9th, while the Band was playing, a man from over the line, whilst in a hotel, heard the strains of music which so took hold of him that he left his beer and followed us to the Hall, where he got soundly converted.

On Sunday we were visited by comrades from Peterborough and Orillia. Their visit was much enjoyed, and we all had a blessed time.—Corps Cor. D. H.

Bonavista.—On Sunday, September 5th, we had soul-stirring meetings. The old-time fire burned in many hearts, and six souls knelt at the mercy seat; four claiming salvation.

Our comrades are returning home from the summer fisheries, and we'll soon have all our forces to the front. Then we are in for a great Winter Campaign.

Sister M. Harris has been appointed Day School Teacher. We welcome her.—W. M.

Essex. — Eight souls have been to the penitent form since last report. Staff-Captain Crichton was recently with us. His addresses impressed us very much, and three souls were saved during his visit.

The Harvest Festival Effort gives good promise of success.— C. C.

Seaforth. — Two coloured Soldiers, Brother and Sister Johnson, of Brantford, were with us on September 4th and 5th. The life stories of these comrades interested and blessed the large crowds which attended the meetings.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

Re-inforcements Arriving.

Fernie, B.C.—We are forging ahead here, under the leadership of our new Officers. Our efforts were rewarded this week-end, (Sept 4-5) by one dear man giving his heart to God in the Sunday morning holiness meeting. In the afternoon we were called upon to tell when, where, and under what circumstances, we were led to accept Christ as our Saviour. Several interesting testimonies were given.

On Monday, (Labour Day) we had a delightful picnic with the Juniors and I think, by the happy faces that everyone had a good time, the meetings at night, outside and in, were conducted by Brothers Bundley and Gallamore (Sr.) We had a rousing time.

Our ranks have been swelled by quite a number of comrades from the Old Land.—Ed. Brown.

TWO VISITORS AT SYDNEY.

Candidate Farewells.

Sydney, C. B.—Tuesday night, Sept. 7th Captain Gilkinson, the G. B. M. agent, gave his lantern service, "Fighting for the Queen," here. It was enjoyed by all present.

On Sunday, Sept. 5th, Captain Porter, of Glace Bay, led on all day. Her singing was greatly enjoyed by all. Captain Gilkinson made a first-rate assistant. At the night meeting Candidate Davis, who has been a faithful Soldier for over two years, farewelled for the Training Home.—Simon.

AN INTERESTING MEETING.

On Monday night, September 6th at **Stellarton, N. S.**, Mrs. Adjutant Cameron led the meeting. Captain Boyd and Lieutenant Pearce, of Westville with their fine brass Band, ably assisted. The music of the Band and the singing of two Corps-Cadets from New Glasgow, added great interest to the united meeting.—Snap.

Lieutenants Cranwell and Beck of Brampton, held open-air meetings at **Milton** and **Glen Williams**, recently, in aid of H. F. At the former place the people asked that a Corps might be opened. At the latter place the people promised us lots of bad apples, but we secured great attention, and a backslider asked to be prayed for. H. F. Target smashed.

Campbellford.—On Sunday, September 12th three Soldiers all the way from Edinburgh were welcomed into the Corps. One recruit was enrolled as a Soldier, and a husband and wife sought salvation together at the penitent form.

On Thursday, September 9th **Newcastle** was visited by Captain Gray and Cadet Crowell, of Chatham (our neighbour) A good crowd enjoyed the meeting, the Captain's Bible reading being very enlightening. Come again, comrades!

AN INFLUX OF VISITORS AT WINDSOR, ONT.

Windsor, Ont.—On August 15th we had with us Staff-Captain Goodwin and Captain Maisey. On August 21-22, we were favoured with a visit from our Provincial Commanders, Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp. Their visit was a refreshing season to our souls.

On Sunday night three persons came to Jesus. Major Cameron and Captain Eastwell were with us on August 28-30. They were a great blessing, spiritually, to us. On Sunday night a backslider came home and another came on Monday night.

On September 6th, we were delighted to see the smiling face of our worthy D. O., Staff-Captain Crichton, who took charge of the meeting and on Wednesday, September 8th, we had our regular Soldiers' meeting, after which we were served with some refreshments by our Officers, Adjutant Sabine and Captain Payne.—M. R.

LIVE NEWS FROM AYLMER.

Aylmer.—Souls are getting saved in nearly every meeting. On Saturday and Sunday, we had a very welcome Special, in the person of Adjutant Habkirk. Two souls came forward during the week-end. One of them being a young man who has been fighting his convictions for several months.

We have said good-bye to a couple of our comrades lately. Sergeant-Major Smith and Brother Chambers. These comrades have both been Soldiers for some time, and have been faithful in sunshine or storm.

Our Captain recently conducted another enrollment.—One of Them.

CAPTURED THE LOT.

We had a wonderful time in **North Bay** on Sunday. In the morning at the jail meeting, five men held up their hands to signify that they were going to lead better lives, and two also held up their hands for our prayers. At night we had a glorious salvation meeting, when four sought salvation; three of them were backsliders, and two of the three, ex-Officers. They were the only ones who stayed to the prayer meeting, and the meeting was held on until they had all surrendered and not an unconverted soul was left in the building. Thank God! Many more are under deep conviction.—A. L. Jones.

Bothwell.—Staff-Capt. Crichton, our D. O., visited this Corps Saturday and Sunday, September 11th and 12th. His singing and speaking was an attraction in the open-air, and the inside meetings drew good crowds. Sister Clements has farewelled for the Training College. Harvest Festival Effort in full swing.—H. B.

Halifax I.— A well-dressed gentleman walked into our knee-drill on Sunday morning, Sept. 5th, and gave his heart to God. The day's meetings were rich in blessing. Adjutant Sheard sang very beautifully at night. Captain Turner read the lesson. Mrs. Ensign Jaynes is somewhat better in her physical condition.—J. M. P.

Paradise Sound—After a stay of ten months, Captain Coveyduck has farewelled. Lieutenant French has now taken charge.

THE FIRE FROM HEAVEN FELL AT WINNIPEG I.

Winnipeg I.—We had some wonderful meetings on Sunday Sep. 5th, when Adjutant and Mrs. McElheney led on. The holiness meeting started as usual, when suddenly we felt the power of God descend, and a prayer meeting commenced right away. The result was that seven Seniors and five Juniors sought full salvation. What a time it was.

At night, Officers and Soldiers were on deck in good time and everybody seemed ready for a struggle against the powers of darkness. Nine persons were won for God before the meeting closed. Adjutant McElheney is making things hot for the Devil, and already our Corps is receiving great benefit from our new leaders. Winnipeg for Christ is their cry.—S. W. P.

CANDIDATE McAVOY FAREWELLS FOR GARRISON.

Brantford.—Our Band being away for the week-end at Woodstock their place was taken by the Songster Brigade. On Sunday, Sept 13th, Cadet McAvoy farewelled for the Training Home. This comrade has been a great worker for God, both in the Senior and Junior Work. Several of the comrades spoke of the help that his life had been to them at the factory. At night J. S.-M. Osborne spoke of the work the Cadet had done in connection with the Juniors and Songster Leader Johnson also spoke of his value as a Songster. Brother McAvoy then addressed the meeting, and urged all to be true to their trust and also asked the young people to consecrate themselves more than ever to the War.—F. D.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE YUKON.

Our correspondent, Brother A. D. Wooler, writes from **Dawson City, Y. T.**, as follows: "Two more converts were recently enrolled. Good meetings were held on Sunday, August 22. A meeting in the Jail was conducted at 10 a. m. Brother Carlson was enrolled in the afternoon meeting, also Brother Holloran (the Hallelujah painter.) Some of our Corps comrades are eligible for the Training College, and Ensign Johnstone is endeavouring to send a representative or two from the Far North, to that institution.

"We miss Ensign Deane and Lieutenant Waller, but God is with us and we as His Soldiers, are determined to do all for His glory."

Clinton, Ont.—On Saturday and Sunday last, we were favoured with a visit from Captain Rufus Raymer of Stratford Divisional Headquarters who conducted our meetings, which were well attended, and in which one young man claimed full salvation.

Lieutenant Black is leading on here.—Interested.

Deseronto.—Two souls knelt at the mercy seat on Sunday night September 12th. A great impression was made on the crowd present during the prayer meeting.

Captain Oldford led the meetings at **Port De Grave, on Sunday.** August 22nd. Two backslidden sisters sought pardon for the past.—F. B.

BRIGADIER COLLIER SAYS FAREWELL TO ST. JOHN.

Picnic Held on Labour Day.

St. John I., N. B.—On Wednesday evening, September 1st, a united meeting of the city Corps was held in the No. I. Citadel. to bid farewell to Brigadier Collier. Lieut.-Colonel Turner, assisted by Mrs. Turner, presided, and other city Officers rendered aid. The weather was very bad, preventing many no doubt, from being present and adding their testimony to those given, expressing much regret at the Brigadier's departure from the city and Maritime Provinces as well. Lieut-Colonel Turner spoke with feeling of the loss he was to sustain.

The Brigadier felt unable to make any lengthy address, but told, with much feeling, of his gratitude to God and the satisfaction it gave him for the year. of service he had been able to give and the souls he had seen led to Jesus. Some were Officers, one of whom was on the platform, Adjutant Sparks, of the city, No. III., who had given testimony to the Brigadier leading him to the Fountain.

Before the meeting closed, a young man whom the Brigadier had recently pointed to God, was enrolled as a Soldier by the Colonel. Who can estimate the results of such lives; they are like the waves set in motion, going on and on.

Our prayers go with the Brigadier and his wife and family.

On Labour Day, No. I, Corps went into the country for a picnic, under the auspices of the Band. The day was fine and passed off successfully. It was also the occasion of a farewell gathering to Bandmaster Collier, who is leaving the city. It seems a severe blow to the Band, making two vacancies, for Master Stanley is also leaving.—B. J. L.

Never Saw His Brains.

Some men make radical statements on the spur of the moment which frequently cause them some embarrassment. Said such a man, "I don't take any stock in this religious stuff. Nobody believes in it. They're all hypocrites, and can't live up to what they profess."

In reply his friend said, "What would make you believe you are wrong?"

"Well," said he, "if a friend of mine were to die and be buried three or four years and then come back and tell me he had seen these things, I'd believe."

"Then you believe only what has been seen by yourself or some friend?"

"You bet, seeing is believing."

'Now, let me prove you are wrong," his friend replied. "I'll do it with just three questions. You say, 'seeing is believing.' Did you ever see your own brains?"

After thinking a moment, the answer came slowly, 'No."

"Did you ever know a man who has seen them?"

Again "No."

"Do you believe you have any?"

No answer but his face!—such a queer expression.

"Well," his friend went on, "I believe you have by what I see and know you are doing. Just so, I believe this religious stuff of which you speak, by the result in the lives of men, for all men are not the kind of which you speak."

South African Social Work.

A Review of "Gold and Diamonds from Life's Debris Heaps."

We have received from our South African Headquarters, a copy of an interesting little booklet, with the title quoted above. It forms a review of the operations of the Social Reclamation work of The Salvation Army in the land of gold [illegible] and diamonds.

The pages [illegible] two in number —are full of [illegible] interest. The first chapter deals with the Women's Rescue Work, which has Homes established at Johannesburg, Cape Town, (2), Port Elizabeth, Kimberley and Durban, with a total accommodation for 119 inmates.

During one year 202 women and girls were passed out. Ninety-five went to situations, seventy-seven were restored to parents, and sixteen were transferred to hospitals or other Homes. Thirteen only, were unsatisfactory.

That the aid of the Salvationist is sought, when often other helpers have failed, is a well-known fact, and it is illustrated by the following extract from the booklet:—

F—— C—— (Church of England) came to South Africa as a children's nurse. At the end of two years the lady with whom she came out returned, but F—— took another situation and remained here. One day her new mistress found her lying on her bed drunk, with an empty wine bottle beside her. She sent for a doctor, who advised her to ring up The Salvation Army, which she did. An Officer went off at once to see what could be done. When the girl was roused she gave one look at the Officer, recognised the uniform and gasped out, "Do take care of me; I'm so miserable." She was taken to the Home. In excuse of her conduct she said she was so lonely—unhappy and homesick — and thought the wine would help her to forget her troubles. Her father was communicated with, and the money was sent for her passage home. Saved in time. In a letter of overflowing gratitude, the father says over and over again, "I cannot thank you enough."

Chapter II. treats of the Women's Police Court and Prison Work, whose workers during one year, paid 271 visits to Cape Town police courts; interviewed 785 women and girls, and had handed over to them fifty-one prisoners, who would have, under ordinary circumstances, been sent to jail.

For instance, (says the writer), F—— M—— (Irish Roman Catholic), came to one of our Cape Town Homes from prison, whither she had been sent from Port Elizabeth, to serve a twelve months' sentence for drunkenness. Her husband and family had discarded her on account of her drinking habits. She became ill, was passed on to the Old Somerset Hospital, where she remained two years. At the end of this time, at her own request, a situation was found for her by the Matron of the Home, and F—— made a start to once again earn an honest living. She has done well, is now a trusted and respected servant, and is month by month putting savings into the bank.

Many similar incidents of great human interest, are related in the few pages given over to this department of Social Work.

In addition to the women who were received into Army Homes and included in the statistics stated at the commencement of this review, no fewer than sixty women and girls were detained there while on remand, instead of being allowed [illegible] with criminals of all kinds.

The [illegible] Hospital [illegible] Cape Town has some sad stories connected with [illegible]

Concerning the training of nurses we [illegible]

"During the past four and a-half years [illegible] probationers have been trained. Twenty-seven have gone up for, and passed the Cape Medical Council's Examination in midwifery, and three now in training are about to sit for it. The others have received the Hospital's certificate of proficiency in nursing. Those who have been trained are now to be found in nearly all parts of South Africa. Five are Salvation Army Officers, four of whom are at present Matrons of Rescue Homes; one is a missionary in Central Africa and another is shortly to proceed there in the same capacity."

There are chapters also dealing with the Social Farms, Men's Shelters and Food Depots and Men's Prison Work.

In the vicinity of Johannesburg, Cape Town and Durban, Social Farms exist. Over five hundred men were dealt with during one year. The writer adds:

The objects for which Social Farms exist may be summed up as follows:—

(1) To afford [illegible] opportunity to work out a [illegible] of character.

(2) To provide a [illegible] confirmed inebriates where [illegible] fight over the [illegible] inas for strong drink [illegible]

(3) [illegible] to [illegible]

At the Men's Shelters [illegible] Food Depots [illegible] eight large [illegible] Colony [illegible] were [illegible] work was also found [illegible] [illegible] in the few pages devoted [illegible] Prison Work [illegible] to the hearts of [illegible] women who however [illegible] neglected or heedless of the needs of the sunken classes, are [illegible] appreciative of The Army's [illegible] Work, and among them we can list Government officials, public men, and [illegible] people of every kind. At services held in jails in one year over five hundred prisoners professed conversion.

With a short but comprehensive description of The Army's principles strictly adhered to in every Social Effort some brief eulogies [illegible] this work by eminent men and a financial statement, this little compilation of striking facts and figures ends.

A Teetotal Wave.

As a result of an increased tax on beer in Germany, a remarkable wave of teetotalism is sweeping over the country. The workingmen have vowed to confine themselves to coffee, milk, lemonade, and mineral water, until the saloon-keepers surrender. At the great imperial dockyards at Kiel the 8,000 men employed there who are accustomed to buy and drink 12,000 bottles of beer a day, have, since August 15th, only bought 120 bottles a day, and have also turned out more and better work.

We hope the wave will not subside.

THE TERRITORIAL Y. P. BAND AT WEST TORONTO.

Their First Week-end Meetings.

On Saturday and Sunday, September 11th and 12th, the inhabitants of Ward Seven, Toronto, were stirred by the strains of music from a Band of which they had heard good reports, but up to that time had seen nothing. It was the Territorial Young People's Band, as fine a lot of boys as one could wish to see. To the beat of the drum they marched from The Army Citadel to the main street [illegible] and conducted an open-air. The sight of the boys so smartly uniformed, so well trained, and apparently taxed with instruments (some almost as big as themselves) was sufficiently interesting to attract a crowd which lined both sides of the street and hemmed the boys in. Proud parents watched their "sonnies" tootling away, big men looked on amusedly, but kindly, and the small boy, well —he swarmed everywhere.

The programme of music and song given in the Citadel surprised not a few. Barely six months have passed since the boys were commissioned, and the excellency of their playing can only be put down to the toil of Bandmaster Ensign S[illegible] and Deputy-Bandmaster W. Roberts, on the boys' behalf.

On Sunday three open-air meetings and three indoor meetings were held. The crowds were good, also finances. The Boys and their Leaders worked heroically, and proved by this their first week-end "away from home" that they were [illegible] another very soon.

Captain and Mrs. [illegible] were delighted with the visit of the Band, and if the lads make good wherever they go, [illegible] did at West Toronto (according to reports [illegible] their billets) then the writer [illegible] for them a successful year.

[illegible]

Proving Our Love.

There is [illegible] hard for [illegible] God [illegible] great riches or [illegible] showered upon [illegible] the communion of God [illegible] is far better.

If we love God truly, we should serve Him willingly. Love is the enemy of hate, and if we do not fight the enemy with love then we are using the wrong weapons. All foes of the Gospel will only be conquered by love.

In order to have true love we must be prepared to sacrifice ourselves for the good of others. In other words, we must do something for Christ to show our love.

Give your heart something to do, and we will call its labours your Father's business, and the exercise will keep all the tendrils of affection soft and sensitive, and save you from that impious hardness which can swallow the world's bread and ignore the world's need.

Our Lord measures success not by the degree in which we outstrip others but by the degree in which we serve others, and the more we seek for the success which is measured by greatness of service, the more effectively are we working for the brighter day that may yet dawn.

Fossil Wonders of the West.

Being a Description of the Greatest "Find" of Extinct Animals Ever Made.

First Discovery of the Long Hind Limb of the Dinosaur.

PERHAPS there is nothing that conveys a sublimer idea of the wonders of creation than the gigantic fossil remains of animals that have long since become extinct and amongst the "finds" of fossils none is more remarkable than the discovery of the Great Dinosaur Quarry. This remarkable deposit of the bones of animals which wandered on the earth before the Flood, is in Central Wyoming, in Western America. Here, at the head of a "draw," or small valley, lies the ruin of a small building, which marks the site of the greatest "find" of extinct animals made in a single locality in any part of the world.

As seen in 1898, a year after it was discovered, there were a number of what appeared to be dark brown boulders cropping out from among the cacti and dwarf bushes growing on the hillock on which the ruin ruin stands.

Not Rocks, Fossils.

In reality, there is not a single rock; hardly even a pebble on this hillock. All these apparent boulders are ponderous fossils which have slowly accumulated or washed out on the surface from a great dinosaur bed beneath.

It appears that a Mexican sheepherder had collected some of these petrified bones for the foundation of his cabin, the first ever built of such strange materials. The excavation of a promising outcrop was almost immediately rewarded by finding a thigh bone nearly six feet in length, which sloped downward into the earth, running into the lower leg, and finally into the foot, with all the respective parts lying in the natural position as in life. This proved to be the previously unknown hind limb of Diplodocus—the Great Dinosaur.

In this manner the "Bone-Cabin Quarry," says the Century Illustrated Magazine, which contains a very interesting article on this subject, was discovered and christened. It has furnished in six years the materials for an almost complete revival of the life of the Laramie region—amidst which the Bone Cabin Quarry is situated—as it was in the days of the dinosaurs. By the aid of workmen of every degree of skill, by grace of the accumulated wisdom of the nineteenth century by the constructive imagination, by the aid of the sculptor and the artist, we can summon these living forms and the living environment from the vasty deep of the past.

Bone-Cabin Quarry.

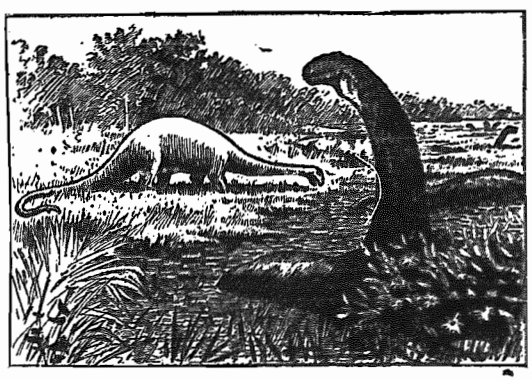
In many instances great natural disturbances, such as earthquakes, and inundations, are held responsible for the formation of fossil and mineral deposits.

The Bone-Cabin Quarry owes its formation, however, to neither of these causes. So far as can be ascertained, its site was the arc of an old river bar, which in its shallow waters, arrested the more or less decomposed and scattered carcases of the pre-diluvian monsters which had slowly drifted down stream toward it. These included a great variety of dinosaurs, crocodiles and turtles collected from many points up stream, and thus were brought together the animals of a whole region, a fact which greatly enhances the interest of the deposit.

By far the most imposing of these huge animals were the giant herb-eating dinosaurs, which may be popularly described as the mammoth lizards. So far as their family is concerned they were remotely related to the Tua Tera lizards of New Zealand, and still more remotely to the true lizards of the present age.

Giant Dimensions.

No land animals have ever approached these giant dinosaurs in size and weight. On a rough computation, an adult specimen measured from sixty to seventy feet in length and weighed not more than ten thousand pounds. There are reasons for supposing that these enormous creatures were capable of raising themselves on their hind limbs and of lightly resting on the middle portion of their tail. In such a position the animal would have been capable of not only browsing among the higher branches of the trees, but of defending itself against the carnivorous dinosaurs by using its relatively short, but heavy, front limbs to ward off attacks. There are also indications that a considerable portion of the time of the giant dinosaur was passed in the water its tail being admirably adapted to swimming purposes.



Restoration of a Group of Brontosaurs, or "Thunder Saurians."

The dinosaurs do not appear to have been a happy family. Two other giants of the race, the Brontosaurus, or Thunder Saurian, and the Morosaurus, or Chambered Saurian were animals of a fairly peaceful disposition so long as they were left alone, or had none of their fellows to quarrel with. They fed on land and aquatic vegetation, and, speaking generally, they took life easily, and their food in vast quantities.

Remote Ancestors.

Mingling with the larger bones in the quarry are the more or less perfect remains of swamp turtles, of dwarf crocodiles, of the entirely different group of plated dinosaurs or Stegosaurs, but especially of two entirely distinct kinds of large and small flesh-eating dinosaurs. These latter rounded out, and gave great variety to the dinosaur society: and there is no doubt they served the savage, but useful, purpose of checking over population. These fierce animals had the same remote ancestry as the giant dinosaurs, but had gradually acquired entirely different habits and appearance.

One member of the family has been named the Ornitholestes, or Bird-catching Dinosaur. It was a marvel of speed, agility and delicacy of construction, and seems to have been designed to spring upon its prey. A difficulty in the bird-catching theory, namely, that the teeth are not as sharp as one would expect to find them in a flesh-eater, is somewhat offset by the similarity of the teeth to those of the bird-eating monitor lizards of our own time, which are not especially sharp.

Titanic Reptiles.

Never in the whole history of the world, as we now know it, have there been such remarkable land scenes as were presented when the reign of these titanic reptiles was at its climax. It was also the prevailing life-picture of England, Germany, South America and India.

We can imagine herds of these creatures from fifty to eighty feet in length, with limbs and gait somewhat like those of gigantic elephants, but with bodies extending through the long, flexible, and tapering necks into the diminutive heads, and reaching back into the long and still more tapering tails. The four or five varieties which existed together were each fitted to some special mode of life; some living more especially on land; others for longer periods in the water.

The competition for existence was not only with the great carnivorous dinosaurs, but with the other kinds of herb-eating dinosaurs, which had much smaller bodies to sustain, and a much superior tooth mechanism for the taking of food.

The cutting off of this giant dynasty was nearly, if not quite, simultaneous the world over. Among the theories which have been put forward to account for this is one suggestion that some of the small, inoffensive and inconspicuous forms of animal life, of the size of the shrew and the hedgehog, contracted the habit of seeking out the nests of these dinosaurs, gnawing through the shells of their eggs, and destroying the young.

That Cured Him.

A certain Indianapolis lawyer, who has a good practice now, quit drinking whisky and beer and other intoxicants, too, for that matter two or three years ago, and he didn't take the Keeley cure, either, says the Indianapolis "News." A German saloon-keeper of whom the lawyer bought most of his liquor administered the cure, and it has been effective.

For several years the lawyer had been buying nearly all his drinks at this particular saloon. He paid his bills there the same as he paid his grocery bills. Finally, the old saloon-keeper bought a house and lot and he employed another lawyer who never bought drinks to prepare the abstract and the deed and transact other business in connection with the deal. The lawyer who had been the regular customer heard about it. He was filled with rage, and he went at once to demand an explanation.

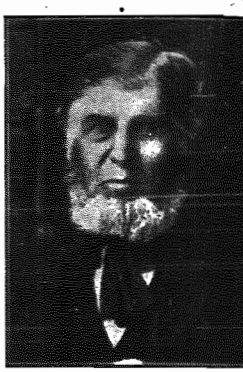
"Here," he yelled as he leaned over the bar and pointed an accusing finger at the old German, "I buy all my drinks here. I have bought my drinks here for years. I have spent hundreds of dollars in this place. And then the very minute you have some work for a lawyer to do, you go and employ someone else. That's what you do. You go and, and—"

"Vell," interrupted the old German, in the midst of the harangue of accusation. "When I got business I want it done by a sober lawyer."

The offending lawyer turned and walked out, and his friends say he has drunk nothing stronger than coffee since.

Promoted to Glory.

BRO. J. CHILDS, OF INGERSOLL.



God has seen fit in His wisdom and love to call to his reward one of the oldest comrades of the 7th Canadian Corps — Ingersoll. Brother Jimmie Childs was a faithful and devoted Soldier of The S. A. About a year ago, his wife, also a Soldier went to her heavenly home. A sudden illness laid our Brother to one side. He was fully resigned.

The first sixty-four years of his life were spent in sin, but when The Army opened fire in the town the almost hopeless drunkard was won for Christ. During the remainder of his life, after conversion he proved the power of God to keep a drunkard. For twenty-six years he was a staunch Salvationist. His favorite chorus was "We're marching on to War." His warfare ended when he was in his ninety-first year.

Our aged comrade was buried under The Army Flag. The service at the house was conducted by Ensign O'Neil, Officer in charge, assisted by Ensign Baird, of Woodstock. The number of comrades, citizens, and sympathisers who followed our comrade's remains to his last resting place, (the procession headed by the Band) showed the respect and influence of his godly life.

Several S. A. Soldiers of the local Corps spoke of Brother Childs' converted life and victorious death, among them, Sergeant Mrs. Henderson, who was converted the same year as the departed comrade; Treasurer Knapp, and Sergeant-Major Jos. Edmonds.

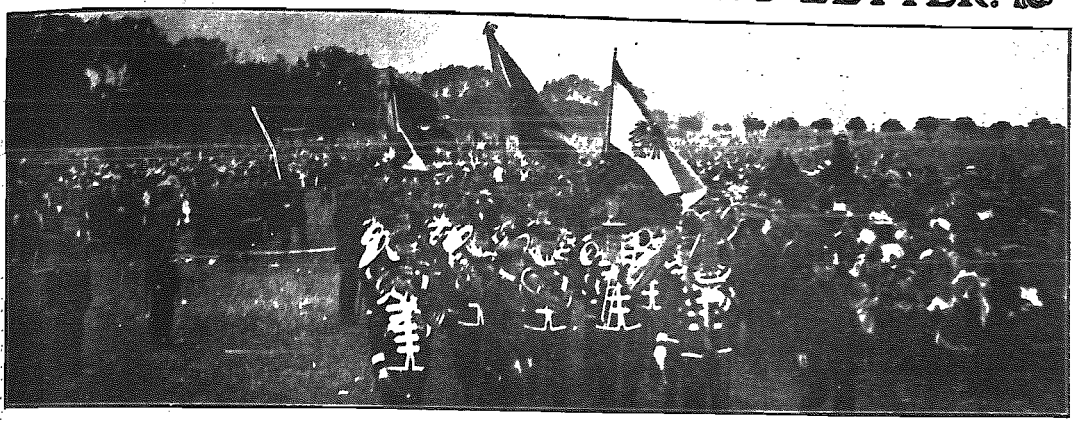
At the grave-side an impressive service was held.

The memorial service was held on the following Sunday night.—W. W.

SISTER TYNES, OF ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA.

On August 26th, one of our Soldiers, Sister Tynes was promoted to glory. She had been with us since 1903, and she was a great blessing to all with whom she came in contact. Although she was laid aside for a long time, and was not able to come to the meetings, yet she had the blessed assurance that her sins were pardoned and that Jesus was her satisfying portion. With all her grief and pain she was able to leave behind her a glorious testimony. Just before she died, she exhorted all who love the Saviour to still fight on, and the unsaved, she urged them to get right with God and meet her in heaven.—G. S. Toms.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.



A Recent Salvation Army Review in Berlin.

FRANCE.

Adjutant Seydel, who has recently been appointed as Y. P. Secretary for France and Belgium, is at present in England studying the methods adopted in the British Field.

NORWAY.

Staff-Captain Kristoffersen, who, for some time past has been Assistant at the Spa Road Elevator, is being transferred back again to his own country—Norway.

FINLAND.

At a Divisional Congress held at Tammerfors—the Manchester of Finland—a State Church connected with a large factory was lent for one of the meetings. There was a crowded congregation, and three souls sought salvation. This is the first occasion on which The Army in Finland has been allowed to use one of the State Churches.

GIBRALTAR.

Colonel Hammond, the International travelling representative, has arrived safely in Gibraltar, and met with a good reception. He is having some excellent interviews with many of the leading people, also giving lectures upon India, besides conducting other meetings.

The Colonel's visit will be a great cheer and encouragement to the comrades at the N. and M. Home, as although occasionally they get a call from Officers who are travelling, seeing their vessels only remain a few hours, the visits are necessarily brief. Colonel Hammond remains for a week, so will have an opportunity of seeing all sides of our work on the famous Rock.

AUSTRALASIA.

The great Social Annual Meetings have recently been held, and proved exceedingly successful. In Sydney, the Chair was taken by Lord Chelmsford, while at Melbourne, the Premier of Victoria—the Hon. John Murray—presided. Both these gentlemen eulogised The Army's work on behalf of the poorer members of society.

JAVA.

Advantage was taken of the recent visit by Major Clifford, to one of our country stations in Java Rogo Moeljo, to erect the Officers' Quarters. The frame-work had been prepared previously, and thirty-eight men of the village gave their services to erect it. They worked with such a will that the frame-work was completed and in readiness for the tiling, bamboo sides and partitions, by 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The Major then fixed the Flag to the ridge-pole, and dedicated the house to the service of God and The Army.

A house has been taken next door to the new Military Home, where sleeping accommodation will be provided for about twenty men. This will, no doubt, be well patronised by the Soldiers who make use of the Home.

INDIA.

Colonel Sukh Singh (Blowers) reports the enrollment of six hundred new Soldiers from amongst the converts made during the Summer Revival Campaign, which was recently held.

Lieut.-Col. Tej Singh (Fr'edrich) has been prospecting at Cawnpore and Agra, with a view to opening our work there. He is also commencing a Day School for the children of the Caste people in the City of Ambala.

A DUTCH OASIS.

By Commissioner George Railton.

AFTER an evening with Mrs. Commissioner Ridsdel in the Hague Slum Home and Corps, I could perfectly understand the description of it by a Dutch lady as "an oasis in the desert."

All we Salvationists know the sort of alley or street where costermongers' barrows and goats may be seen; but The Hague place, called Stille Verkade is all the more striking because you go under a low archway to the entrance of it, because it is all within two minutes' walk of a great business avenue, and because there is such a mixture of Dutch order and cleanliness about the outside of the houses, with the usual extreme of drink-made poverty inside.

When I call the poverty "drink-made," it should be with the usual exceptions, of course; but when one of the latest converts told us he had not been a "particularly drunk man," though he had often spent his whole week's wages of £1 to £1 3s. 4d. in drink, you may guess the usual run of things in these alleys. Consequent upon this, another terrible enemy, consumption, is fearfully prevalent, and many of the children suffer either from this, or from mental deficiency, due to their parents' sins.

But, right in the midst of all this, The Army has what may, I think unhesitatingly be called a model Slum Settlement. Out of two cottages there has been made a model Hall, holding 100 people or more—a model home for four Officers, and enough kitchen and bathroom accommodation to make easy the cleansing and feeding of all the children whose parents will submit to our Officers' sisterly care.

The little ones are served with breakfasts in the winter time, and all the usual ministrations of Slum Sisters are carried on all over the city, with the extra advantage of their living really amongst the people and showing them what a model of cleanliness and comfort such a place, just there, can be made.

The Corps is a model for any to copy. Of its sixty Soldiers and twenty recruits its Ensign could say that not one has been found unsatisfactory at the latest inspection of the D.O., and the crammed meeting we attended, on a Tuesday night, showed all eager to speak and pray, with every seat left available filled with the men and women of the court who so perfectly appreciate, even when they do not obey, the Officers.

Only a night or two before, the Captain had had to separate a fighting, drunken couple, coming home with their hands and apron smeared with blood, and there were faces enough in the meeting that told tragic tales. One of the sister-Soldiers converted after having known nothing of God or prayer for sixty years, confessed that, even now, she was painfully in danger of losing her temper; but she "kept getting better," and everybody around was satisfied as to her being a new creature already.

Several of the men have "done" many years in prison, and were unfriendly enough to the Officers before their conversion. One man used regularly to disturb the meetings with his harmonica (for, as in all slums, anybody can disturb from outside easily enough). But both he and his harmonica now serve the Lord, and the services are all of the kind where harmonicas are "at home."

Forced to leave the "oasis" just before 10 p.m. to catch a train, we only saw two at the penitent form; but the blessed work goes on, and will go on by day as well as by night, wherever all these converts may be, we feel sure. Holland already has ten such Corps and Settlements, and I trust that many more such will yet be formed. That the Officers are taking advantage of courses of lectures on nursing etc., shows how grand is the prospect of increased usefulness and victory.

I ventured to drop in to the "Bethlehem Way" Officers' Home at Utrecht rather early, being sure they would be up, and I found their Sergeant-Major—visibly a good specimen—already busy painting the Hall seats. But, upstairs, I found the Captain of the other Slum, who had been "passing on the way home from market." She had been up since four o'clock that morning, having a costermonger convert whom she could not quite trust to take care of his own money for a day or two.

So she just stood at the stall with him and "minded the cash." Oh, what crowds of drunkards could be helped round their first corners by sisters like these!

I was delighted to find Field and Slum forces combining to guard their people and surprise the enemy by special, daring efforts during a coming fair time.

Yet Mrs. Ridsdel is most emphatic in repudiating the theory that a Slum Officer has any special obligation to look after the poor. She maintains that it is a matter-of-course duty with every Salvationist, Officer or Soldier, to find out and do for anybody any service that will help them to follow Christ, and enable all to see Christ in us.

What an amusing contrast between her theory of a Salvationist Officer's life and the notice I saw on the door of a certain religious institution near one of our places, that the "Hours when the sisters could be spoken with" were from so-and-so to so-and-so, one day weekly!

Oh, that God may make it more natural for us all to speak and be spoken to by the needy every day!

Salvation Soldiers.

(Continued from page 3.)

that there came to London, some years ago, a law student who was to be at once "an ornament to the legal profession" and to our ranks.

A fellow student says "He used to be at the meeting nearly every night, though reading for his examination. I used to watch him closely, and had many arguments with him about holiness, which he professed; and though at that time I should have liked to catch him tripping, I never remember his falling, and his silent life bore such a testimony that I was constrained to go in for the same thing."

"He became," says another, 'with myself a private of the Corps, and he soon donned the SS and shield, wearing at the same time a top hat!"

Sad, indeed, that we should still have to confess that it is rare for professional or moneyed men to show such courage.

But in the South of France we had simultaneously three such examples, which produced a most profound impression. A great landed proprietor, who was one of the best known figures on the Bourse, as soon as he fully understood The Army's purpose, not only joined its ranks, but wore its SS "on change," and everywhere. His son whilst a mere lad attending the Lyceum, came out just as boldly amongst his companions, and later, during his service time, in his regiment.

The third example was a merchant, not only well known in one city, but travelling to many others, and wearing invariably the SS on the collar, which is a badge of Soldiership with us.

These four are specimens of the churchgoing people, who in spite of our continual aim to attract only the outsiders, persist in joining us, simply because we offer an opportunity they cannot see elsewhere for continual aggression upon the godless world. Our principle of equal treatment of all peoples, and of both sexes, is the ground of many such recruitings, especially of those of the gentler sex, who can find nowhere else the chance The Army affords them of fighting for the Salvation of the lost.

Yet how often do we catch members of such families only when they have long been thought of as worse than dead! Prodigal sons, and even desperately bad ones, are never looked askance upon in the ranks of other armies or navies in which everybody knows that the "dare-devils" are frequently the best fighters. How dramatic are frequently the findings of such sons, let the following examples show.

A praying mother's boy had long been trying to be lost to all who had previously known him. He had enlisted in five different regiments of the British Army, deserting and rejoining, under all sorts of pretences, until, weary of that life, he had gone in for burglary.

On his way to commit such a crime, he stopped to listen at one of our open-air meetings, and followed the march into the Hall. Little did he imagine that his mother would be among the Soldiers who would pray for and with him that very night, when he rushed from the gallery to the penitent form. Before he rose from his knees he had really surrendered to God and got a new heart. Soon afterwards he was duly received as one of our Soldiers. He has never run away from our Flag, is a Bandsman, and one of the most earnest Soldiers of the Corps.

A very able business woman, who never went to any place of worship, was visited by one of our Soldiers and persuaded to come to a meeting, where she found salvation. Up to that time she had preferred to visit dancing saloons, and had frequently gone to business, after a "night out," in such a state that she would throw anything that came to hand at any of her subordinates who displeased her. She was only retained in the establishment because of her unusual ability in managing her department.

She is so completely changed now that it is delightful to have to do business with her. Her formerly neglected home is a model one, and she hopes to see one of her daughters become an Officer by and by.

It must also be remembered that even those who sink to the lowest depths of sin are not to be regarded, for that reason, as devoid of all good qualities or charms. On the contrary, we believe any intelligent visitor, even at the Shelters where we receive the lowest and worst and turn them into good Soldiers, would see at a glance with what able and promising material, however depraved, we are daily dealing.

For example, who can help admiring the genius shown by a convert, whose father, himself one of our converts, prayed for him, both in public and private, for years, and succeeded at length in getting him to pray at his own bedside for the Salvation he now enjoys.

This trophy, like his brother, has only one eye, the result of injuries received in a struggle between them. "Number One" was known only too well to the police of his town being tall, well-built, and a champion boxer. He has nine medals, given to him by different publicans, for such feats as drinking the largest amount of beer at one sitting, telling the most lies, or swearing the most atrociously. He has travelled over most of England and Scotland as a stowaway under railway-carriage seats, and many a time, left penniless by his gambling, and other sins, has tramped the roads, slept out, or been led home by his never-to-be-discouraged father.

The morning after his conversion this ransomed prodigal broke his last bottle of whiskey, burnt his pipe, and went straightway to tell all his workmates that he was now going to serve God. Of course many laughed at him, thinking it was only another freak; but his new life, lived amongst two hundred men has now for a long time been accepted by the whole town as an unquestionable fact. He has led three of his brothers to Christ, and all four march together at the head of our processions, "Number One" carrying the colours of the Corps. Our Soldiers are neither cowards nor fools.

But please correct people when you hear them speak as though our ranks were filled mainly with those whom we found in public disgrace and destitution. The deliverance of all who belong to those classes causes, of course, the most sensation; but our great work, in the prosperous West especially, is to convince honest, hard-working, but godless men and women of their need of Christ, and to lead them out of their self-satisfied contentment to the Saviour's feet, and then to the hearty service of others for His sake.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

A Remarkable Confession Made by a Headquarters Officer.

A MARRIED MAN, TOO!

It seems scarcely credible, but we have no reason for doubting the assertion of a comrade at the Territorial Headquarters, who recently stated that he had not noticed our announcement setting forth that we would gave ten dollars to the comrade who sent in the best contribution to our Christmas Competition.

Perhaps there may be others like him. Now, read this announcement and then do the same as the comrade referred to did—go straightawny and write out your story.

OUR Short Story Competition for the 1909 Christmas Cry, will be limited to married male Officers, as we want to give the men a chance. Staff-Captain Goodwin won the bill for the 1907 competition, and Mrs. Captain Hanagan for that of 1908. What's the matter with the men? Don't you know a good story? Well, talk to those who do, and get them to tell you one, then send it on to us, and if it is the best sent in, why, we will send you a ten dollar bill. See!

The Competition stories will appear under one heading, entitled:

"CHRISTMAS EVE CONFAB,"

and each story must conform to the following conditions.

1. The story must relate to the War in Canada or Newfoundland.
2. Should not exceed five hundred words.
3. The incident may refer to the writer's own experience, or may have been told to the writer by some other person. The writer will be held responsible for the veracity of the incident.
4. The incident must illustrate the power of God's salvation, and the effectiveness of Army methods, and may refer to the conversion of sinners by answers to prayer, by means of testimonies, or meetings in the open-air or Hall, etc.

Note.—That which constitutes the best story will be its interesting and instructive qualities. The more novel or extraordinary the story, the greater its interest. The more unpromising the character converted, the more instructive will be the incident.

For the best story of this class we shall give ten dollars—the readers of the War Cry will decide which is the best.

Stories received after the last of September will not be eligible for this competition.

Chat with your people, get a story from them, and send it to us right away.

Life's Lessons.

Pain and sorrow, patiently endured, bring us nearer to God, purifying and cleansing our natures from dross, making us more worthy one day to be reckoned amongst those who "come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." We learn our best life lessons in times of sorrow, and it is the Master Himself who says: "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted."

So that we must learn to bear our sorrows cheerfully, realising that they are sent for our good. Let us ever remember that we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. And again "In that He suffered being tempted, He is able also to succour them that are tempted."

Korean Customs.

HOW THESE PEOPLE ACCEPT THE SALVATION ARMY.

The story of the white-robed procession of inquiring Koreans, making their way along the valleys of the interior to hear The Army's messenger, is a moving one. Beginning with twenty listeners, one of our comrades finished with 1,000, and after the service the people sat down together and partook of a simple repast.

With beds, bedding, and even drinking water as part of their equipment, Colonel and Mrs. Hoggard and Major Bonwick have made a toilsome journey into the interior, far away from the railway. In the Colonel's letters to hand, we read of evenings spent in all sorts of possible and impossible places, amid flies and mosquitoes and other insects; of broken slumberings on the floor; of the rustle of snakes in the straw roof; of the burning of various insects and the noise of animals; but notwithstanding these and a host of other drawbacks, there is a note of praise and thanksgiving for the wonders God is helping them to work in the name and power of Christ. We hear of Meetings everywhere they go; of crowds flocking to hear the message and hundreds of seekers after Light. The one great cry of Colonel Hoggard is "Send money and send men!" And surely it is a cry which it is our duty to answer.

The Korean penal code is a fearful and wonderful thing. Fortunately, capital punishment by strangulation, decapitation, mutilation, or poison is less frequent than formerly. Until quite recently, however, it was the custom according to Korean law to make the family of the criminal suffer all his penalties with him, after the manner of the Old Testament story of Achan.

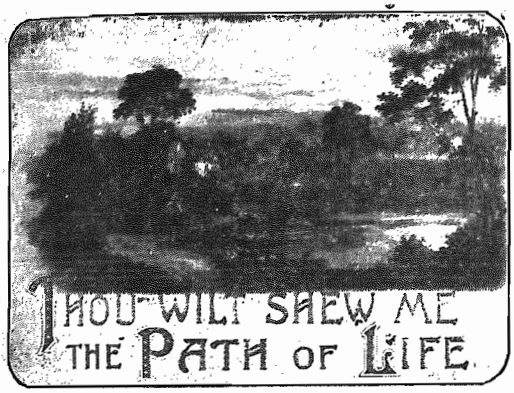
The following list will convey an idea of the terrible nature of the punishment meted out to offenders, and the crimes for which they were punished. For treason a man was decapitated, together with his male relatives to the fifth degree. His mother, wife, and daughter were poisoned or reduced to slavery. For treason a woman was poisoned. A murderer was decapitated and his wife was poisoned. For murder a woman was strangled or poisoned. A man guilty of arson was strangled or poisoned; his wife also had to meet death through the same means. For theft a man was strangled, decapitated, or banished and his wife was reduced to slavery, and all the culprits' property was confiscated. For desecration of graves, a man was decapitated, together with his male relatives to the fifth degree. His mother, wife, and daughter were poisoned. For counterfeiting a man was strangled or decapitated and his wife was poisoned.

By the foregoing it will be perceived that Korea is a long way behind in many respects and that there is plenty of room for improvement in many ways. Let us pray that Colonel and Mrs. Hoggard, and those comrades who are labouring under their direction, may be given all the power and wisdom necessary to enable them to rise equal to the great opportunities which are before them.—All the World.

Scripture Texts and Mottoes

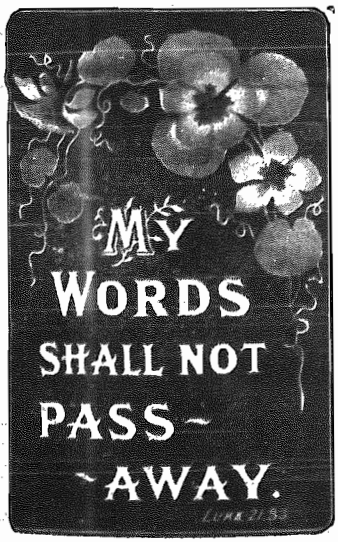
SILENT WITNESSES.

We have Just Received a New Consignment, with Many New and Unique Designs. For Beautifying the Home and Decorating Halls They are Hard to Beat.



No. 435.—RURAL HOMESTEAD—Size 12¼ by 9; silver bevelled edges. Four fine English Landscape designs by Justus Hill, reproduced in full colours. Scripture texts blocked in silver. Texts: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" "Thou wilt shew me the path of life;" "He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him;" "Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant." Price, each.....**25c.**

No. 436.—THY COUNSEL.—Size 12¼ by 9. Silver bevelled edges. Four fine Lake and River Scenes, with beautiful Floral Sprays. Texts blocked in silver. Texts: "The Lord shall guide thee continually;" "Thou shalt guide me with Thy Counsel;" "I will guide Thee with Mine eye;" "He will guide you into all truth."
Price, each.....**25c.**

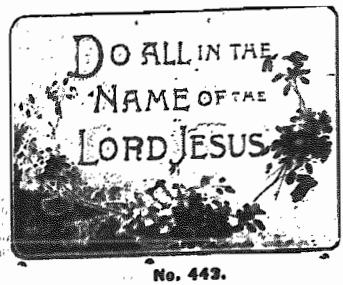


No. 454.

No. 454.—CLEMATIS SERIES.—Corded. Size 6½ by 6¼. A new series of Texts with pretty Floral Designs, delicately tinted. Texts in white letters. Texts: "Even Christ pleased not Himself;" "My Words shall not pass away;" "Your life is hid with Christ in God;" "As for God, His way is perfect." Price, each.....**15c.**

No. 440.—THE BURDEN BEARER.—Corded.—Size 9¾ by 7¾. A pretty series of Floral and Landscape designs. Texts in silver. Texts: "He is faithful that promised;" "Be thou faithful unto death;" "Serve him with a perfect heart;" "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Price, each.....**20c.**

No. 440.



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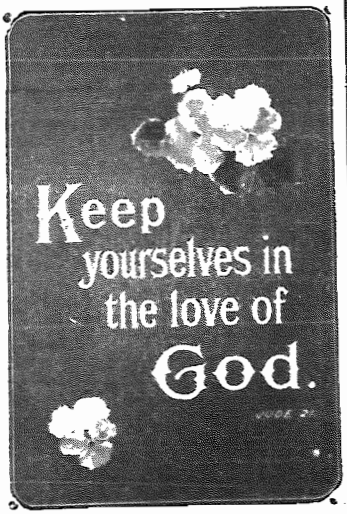

No. 450.

No. 450.—PERFECT PEACE.—Size 11¾ by 7¾. Corded. An entirely new series of Text Cards on Art Boards with exquisite hand-painted designs. Selected Texts in bold white letters. Texts: "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom;" "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus;" "Keep yourselves in the love of God;" "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts." Price, each .....**25c.**

No. 443.—CLOVER SERIES.—Size 9¼ by 6¾. Corded. A pretty series of Texts with Floral Sprays. Texts blocked in silver. Texts: "I will trust and not be afraid;" "Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus;" "He is my Rock and my salvation;" "I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy." Price, each.....**15c.**

Agents Wanted. Liberal Terms to Energetic Men and Women. For Further Particulars Write

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tunes.—Take Salva'ion, or Austria.

1 O Thou God of every nation,
We now for Thy blessing call;
Fit us for full consecration
Let the fire from Heaven fall;
Bless our Army
With Thy power baptise us all.

Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit,
Make our Soldiers white as snow;
Save the world through Jesus' merit,
Satan's kingdom overthrow!
Bless our Army!
Send us where we ought to go!

Tunes.—Welcome sweet day, 76, G and Bb; Silchester, 75; Song Book, No. 468.

2 Spirit of faith, come down
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the Blood.

'Tis Thine the Blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see.
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountains move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

Free and Easy.

Tunes.—Christ for me B.B., 124; Behold, behold the lamb! B.B., 122.

3 Come, let us all unite and sing,
God is love;
Let heaven and earth their praises bring;
God is love.
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us, for Jesus' sake,
God is love.

How happy is our portion here
His promises our spirits cheer,
He is our Sun and Shield by day,
Our Help, our Hope our Strength and Stay,
He will be with us all the way,
God is love.

Tune.—No other argument, 53.

4 Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Salvation!! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around!
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!

Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb
To Thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Jordan's flood, 91; There is a happy land, 95; Large Song Book, No. 121.

5 When you come to death's cold flood,
How will you do?
You who now neglect your God,
How will you do?
Death will be a solemn day,
When the soul is forced away,
It will be too late to pray
How will you do?

You who laugh, and scoff, and sneer,
How will you do?
When in Jordan you appear,
How will you do?
Can you then your terrors brave,
Say you have no soul to save,
When you sink beneath the wave,
How will you do?

Tunes.—Mercy still for thee, 49 A and C; Haste away to Jesus, 36; Song Book, No. 56.

6 Oh wanderer, knowing not the smile
Of Jesus' lovely face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace.

To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound,
Thy soul He waits to free;
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found
There's mercy still for thee.

Chorus.

There's mercy still for thee!

For thee, though sunk in deep despair,
Thy Saviour's Blood was shed:
He for thy sins was as a lamb
To cruel slaughter led.
That thou mayest find poor sin-sick soul,
A pardon full and free.
What boundless grace, what wondrous love!
There's mercy still for thee.

TORONTO Annual Councils

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Dates Fixed for the Toronto Councils are

October 20th to 24th, inclusive.

FULL PARTICULARS LATER.

BRIGADIER ADBY

THE SINGING EVANGELIST,

will visit

MONTREAL I.—Sept. 16th to 30th.

MAJOR SIMCO

will conduct

REVIVAL CAMPAIGNS.

at

East Toronto—September 23rd, to October 4th.

Toronto I.—October 7th to 27th.

MAJOR McLEAN

will visit

Gore Bay—September 23th and 24th.

Parry Sound—Sept. 25th and 26th.

MAJOR and MRS. GREEN

will visit

Newmarket — Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 25th and 26th.

Aurora—Monday, Sept. 27th.

Brampton—Tuesday, Sept. 28th.

MAJOR HAY

will visit

St. Mary's—Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 25th and 26th. (With the Stratford Band.)

Owen Sound—Thursday, Sept. 30th.

Shallow Lake—Friday, October 1st.

Chesley—Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 2nd and 3rd.

Palmerston—Monday, October 4th.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Mannion, East Ont. Prov.—

Kingston Sept. 16, 17; Gananoque, Sept. 18-20; Brockville, Sept. 21-23; Prescott, Sept. 24-26.

Morrisburg, Sept. 27, 28; Cornwall, Sept. 29, 30; Mille Roches, October 1: Montreal IV., October 2-5.

Montreal I., October 6, 7; Montreal VI., October 8-11; Montreal II., October 12-14.

Capt. Gilkinson—Eastern Prov.—

Newcastle, September 20, 21; Dalhousie, Sept. 22; Campbellton, N. B., Sept. 23, 24.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thos. B. Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through these columns, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First insertion.

6849. JOHN JOHN. Age 42; height 5ft., 1in.; hair turning gray; blue eyes; florid complexion; missing two and a-half years. Last known address, Hedley, B. C. News urgently wanted.

7398. RANGER, HENRY. Boy, age 12 years; good looking; round face; dark brown hair and brown eyes. Was hired out to a farmer, but left this place and went with another farmer near Westmeath. Mother very anxious to have him back again.

7467. APPLEYARD, THOS. (or sons) Tailor by trade; last heard of in England, Leeds. Son's wife enquires—Mrs. Alfred Appleyard, Soo, Michigan.

7461. HOWDEN HENRY. Married. Age 46; height 6ft.; ginger hair; gray eyes; fair complexion. Missing six years. Son William enquires.

7176. GALLACHER JNO. HENRY. Age 29; height 5ft., 7in.; dark brown hair; blue eyes; fresh complexion; labourer. Last heard of in West Montreal; missing since June, 1909. News urgently needed.

7468. FININGER, JNO. Age 50; height 5ft., 7in.; white hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; plate layer by trade; last heard of in September, 1906, in Port Dover, Ont. Working on the railway. News urgently wanted.

7469. CHAPMAN, LILY. Age 12; was adopted by Mrs. J. Mason. Last heard of in Montreal. Will hear something to her advantage if she communicates with the above office. Sister enquires.

7470. STEVENS or HINTON, FREDERICK CHARLES. Married; age 39; height 5ft., 7in.; black hair; dark brown eyes; dark complexion; missing since October, 1908. Supposed to be in Canada somewhere. Friends anxious for news.

7471. McDONALD, Mrs. J. (nee McCraccken.) Came to Canada about forty-one years ago. Husband supposed to be dead. Last heard of in the vicinity of Winnipeg; family engaged in farming. Scotch; age about 60; height 5ft., 3in.; gray eyes. Sister enquires.

(Second insertion.)

7432. LARSON, KARL IVER, or CHARLI. Age 50; dark, stout; mason by trade; Swedish by birth. Last heard of three or four years ago in Rat Portage. Wife anxious for news.

7436. DOD, EBENEZER. Age 24; height 5 ft. 10 in.; brown hair, brown eyes, clear complexion. Missing 7 months. Last know address Phoenix, B.C. News wanted.

7437. FREEMAN, MISS MAGGIE. Age about 69; may have married. When last heard of three years ago was working as a cook in an hotel on King Street, Toronto. Her friends are most anxious to get in touch with her, if she would kindly communicate with the above office.

7486. LAMB, JACK. Age 2[illegible]; height 5ft.; black hair, brown eyes, dark complexion; missing ten years. Last known address, London. May be working on boats. Sister very anxious for news.

7447. HORNE, EDWARD. Last heard of somewhere in Alberta. May have come East. Only been in Canada a few years. Father just dead. News urgently wanted. Communicate with above office.

7451. GRAFSLUND, KARL JOHANNESBURG. Norwegian. Age [illegible]; dark hair, blue eyes; height 5ft., [illegible] Last heard of in Camp Rennie [illegible] Dagero, Ontario; missing since January, 1908; father most anxious for news.

7453. McGURK PETER. Left home in Brockville, Oct. 13th, 1908; height 5ft., 7in.; age 38; slight build; brown hair; gray eyes; fresh complexion; may be suffering from lapse of memory. Came from Scotland three years ago. Sorrowful wife enquires.

7454. HANSEN, HANS PETER. Danish, born 1879; medium height. In 1907 he was working as a gold digger in Alaska. Last heard of in October, 1907. Was then in [illegible] River. News urgently wanted.

7457. BURKE, WM. Light hair; blue eyes; height 6ft. Sailed from St. John's, Nfld., in vessel "Energy." News wanted.

7460. INGLIS, JOHN RITCHIE. Scotch; last heard of in Spokane, in the year 1904. Supposed to be leaving for British Columbia. well-built; fair complexion. Son Adam anxious for news.

7070. SMITH, JOSEPH. Age [illegible]; rather short. Last heard of in Spokane, Wash., in early part of 1[illegible]. Father is dead and mother very

anxious to know of his whereabouts. Will he please write her, or communicate with the above address. (See photograph.)

5044. PETERSEN, HENRIK. Native of Copenhagen; born Feb. 20, 18[illegible]; medium height; dark brown hair; blue eyes; no front teeth. Was working for farmers. When last heard of was at Hymens, Ont. News wanted.

6436. HARRIS, H. A. Age 6[illegible]; medium height; dark hair; gray eyes; carries head a little on one side. News urgently wanted.

7439. LYTTLE, WM EDWARD. Age 35; height 5ft., 6in.; broad shouldered; dark blue eyes; dark hair; left eye affected. When last heard of was at Milton's Dakota. Was about to leave there for the Klondike gold-fields. Mother anxious for news.

7329. REGINALD, CHAS. News wanted. Last heard of Richmond St., Toronto. Anybody knowing the same kindly notify above address.

7215. GOODE, FRED CHAS. Age 49; medium height; light brown hair; blue eyes; fresh complexion; [illegible] scar on back of one of his hands; smart appearance; waiter. Last heard of in Montreal. News urgently wanted.

7341. SLUGG, ALBERT [illegible]. Age 25; dark hair; blue eyes; dark complexion; single; English; [illegible] eleven years. News wanted.

7442. CASEDY, JOHN. Age [illegible]; [illegible] most anxious for news. Last heard of was going to South Africa. American Cry, please copy.

7443. ROBBINS, WM. Age [illegible]; height 5ft., 4in.; dark hair; [illegible] eyes; pale complexion; round-shouldered. Last known address, [illegible] News urgently needed.

7444. YOUNG, JOHN. Age [illegible]; height 5ft., 9in.; hair turning gray; blue eyes; pale complexion; [illegible] layer. Last known address [illegible] Sask. News urgently needed.

7400. WOOD, CHAS. Age [illegible]; last heard of in Shawville, Que., about three and a-half years ago. [illegible] [illegible]. His two brothers, Arthur and Richard, enquire.